

*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**earthstone**



- **Are They Learning to Pray? - W. Eber Bowles**
- **You Teach As You Talk - Paul M. Humphries**

November 1955



# The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

E. LEE NEAL, *Editor*

NANCY RAY ALLEN, *Assistant Editor*

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## Fireside Chat . . .

The Utica Overseas Friendship Center (See "Unto the Least of These," page 14) welcomes inquiries from churches, schools or other civic minded groups who desire to bring their people into direct, personal contacts with similar overseas groups. Communications may be addressed to Mr. Gelston MacNeil, Administrative Secretary, Overseas Friendship Center, 107 Columbia Street, Utica, New York.

The author of our article on the Center's work is the dean of Utica College of Syracuse University.

\* \* \*

The author of "World Friendship at Home," Leslie Sayre, is director and editor of the Department of Adult Work, Joint Commission on Missionary Education, National Council of Churches of Christ.

## Are you going to move?

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Editors of *Hearthstone*

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*a word from*  
**THE WORD**



Take a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.  
Serve the Lord with gladness:  
Come before his presence with singing.  
Know ye that the Lord, he is God:  
It is he that hath made us, and we are his;  
We are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.  
Enter into his gates with thanksgiving,  
And into his courts with praise:  
Give thanks unto him, and bless his name.  
For the Lord is good; his lovingkindness endureth for  
ever,  
And his faithfulness unto all generations.—Psalm 100.



# Are the

By W. EBER BOWLES

**A**RE JUNIOR HIGH boys and girls learning to pray? The responsibility of teaching them rests first with the Christian home and then with the church. They are capable of moments of insight into the wonder of God as the creator and sustainer of the universe who provides all that they have, as the Father who loves them and is continually concerned for them. They have experiences which are beyond their abilities, and they would turn to God for help. Junior high boys and girls desire to pray to express thanks and to seek help, and they will pray if they know how.

On a hilltop far from the noise and business of the city, away from the routine of school and social life, I sat with a group of boys and girls of early teen age. For three days we had been camping together. Now, in this parting service, we had been discussing our relationship with God, as our Father. There was complete silence for a few moments under the bright stars of the night. The natural thing for the campers was to give thanks for this experience. One by one they prayed. Perhaps the phrasing was not the kind you would hear from the pulpit Sunday morning, and those who prayed may have been a bit unsteady and unsure, but they were sincere and prayed from hearts of devotion to God.

One prayer: "God, thank you for giving me life and a good home and this camp." Then from another, "Father in Heaven, this is your world, and we are lucky to be in it. May we always love you and want to serve you as we do just now." Most of the group expressed their thoughts aloud while others prayed silently.

Recently I asked a group of junior high boys and girls, all from church families, how many had been taught to pray by their parents. Less than twenty per cent answered affirmatively. How many had family worship in the home? None. Many mothers teach their small children to say, "Now I lay me down to sleep." If they attend church school, they are likely to learn the Lord's Prayer. Years later emergencies arise and they either use "Now I lay me" or the Lord's Prayer. Both the home and the church should go further and teach boys and girls to pray in their own words, to pray regularly.

Mealtime is an excellent opportunity for the family to participate in "prayer moments." Before eating,

why not take a few minutes to discuss together some of the things for which you should be thankful. Take a look at the table. Many persons have helped to make all this food possible. Discuss the various foods before you and their sources. What you see is real and it is much easier to understand and appreciate what we see than what we do not see.

One family we know uses Bible verses at the table, each member saying one from memory. When these verses are difficult to remember, one suggests a letter from the alphabet with which another person is to begin his verse.

*A*-Ascribe unto the Lord the glory due unto his name;

Worship the Lord in holy array. (Psalm 29:2.)

*B*-Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. (Matt. 5:6.)

*L*-Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart

Be acceptable in thy sight,

O Lord, my rock, and my redeemer. (Psalm 19:14).

*O*-Oh come, let us worship and bow down;

Let us kneel before the Lord our Maker . . . (Psalm 95:6).

*T*-Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,

And light unto my path. (Psalm 119:105.)

Then the prayer of thanksgiving for the food may be a verse said in unison or the stanza of a hymn. A grace such as this may be used:

For health and strength

And daily food

We give thee thanks, O Lord.

The parent who is backward about saying grace at meals will find these suggestions helpful. Nevertheless, he should make every effort to form his own prayer in terms of the blessings and needs of his own family. Some parents ask their teen-agers to return thanks at mealtime. Good! But, it is well for them to hear the voices of parents in prayer, too. Prayers need not be long. Short, sincere prayers are effective.

For the family circle several devotional books such as *The Secret Place* and *The Upper Room* are available. They contain one page of scripture, meditation

(Continued on page 41.)



# arning to pray?



*The responsibility for teaching junior  
high boys and girls to pray rests first  
with the home and then the church*





# World friendship at home

*How one family travels to foreign lands*

*making friends without leaving the living room*

**E**SA WITH JAM on his face sleeps under my daughter's pillow. This sentence is not an exercise from a French grammar but a terse statement of solid fact.

Esa is an indestructible book. Esa is a little boy from Nazareth who romps through the book. Mary owns the book and her expressions of affection have transferred strawberry jam to Esa's face on the cover. After mother or big sister Carol Jeanne reads the story at bedtime for the umptieth time, Esa is tucked under the pillow where the whole Nursery Series of Friendship Press may be found. Through her own little nursery books she has made friends with children of

other lands. There is *Kembo*, her girlfriend in Africa, and *Mitsu* in Japan. Another favorite boyfriend is *Ah Fu* who lives on a river boat in China. Mary loves to roll into her bathtub with a big splash—that's *Ah Fu* falling from the boat into the river. It's just an ordinary tub but Mary sees cormorants in it diving for fish.

"Wead me a tory, Daddy." That's Ruth. She is really a sophisticated first grader but at day's end she loves to curl up, lapse into near baby talk and listen to a story of her own choosing. Recently we completed daily visits to Lebanon where through the magic of Dorothy Blatter's *The Thirsty Village* we



made friends with Jirjis and Ahmed, shared their concern about their feuding villages, joined their blood brotherhood pact, and enjoyed the excitement of their triumph.

Right now we gang up nightly with *The Three Henrys and Mrs. Hornicle*. I hope it turns out all right but Ruth is already clamoring for a black and white dog named Spoof and yesterday she referred to her principal as a "stubborn old buzzard." I'm not worried. Friendship Press books always come out all right in the end. Maybe the principal will too.

At this point, as the father in the case, I wish to pay my respects to the power of *Sandy and Mr. Jalopy*. Our gasoline buggy is not old enough to be called "vintage" nor is it sufficiently manageable to tempt mother to drive. Normally children would long for a shiny new model. Not our offspring! They were proud they owned a jalopy like Sandy's. This, dear friends, is known as sympathetic identification and when coupled with the plight of migrants 'tis said to be spiritually valuable.

One summer Daddy, Billy (fifth grade) and Carol Jeanne had to run the house by themselves. Most of the regular playmates were away but a *Friendship Map—The Bible in All the World* gave us a wonderful vacation. We read and told stories from Grace McGavran's *Stories of the Book of Books*. After each story we cut out the corresponding picture, Billy colored it first and Carol gave it the finishing touches. When we finished, we knew a great deal more about the Bible and people who had given their lives to it. We also had a map that is still a family treasure.

Our toughest problem in that study was to understand what we read about Gutenberg's printing press and how it produced the Bible in great quantities for the first time. We had to study the family typewriter and pictures in the *Book of Knowledge* in order to see the marvel of that invention. Billy summed up the whole printing theme with a little chant: "The printer prints books with a printing press." Mumble it over and over—it grows on you like a soap slogan.

Billy wriggles but he's no bookworm. He is one of the better readers in his class and likes to read stories at home when playmates are scarce or for half an hour after the Lone Ranger. The most recent additions to his collection are *They Live in Bible Lands* and *The Busy Berrys*. His books are on the shelves mixed in with grown-up books. They have the silent but wondrous powers to lure him through their pages into fine adventures and world friendships.

Three times he has received reading credit at school for such books. He convinces the teacher with the simple but convincing witness, "My books are more interesting than the school books."

Our junior high, Carol Jeanne, blows hot and cold about Friendship Press books. She raves over parts and yawns over other parts, but she usually tries another after complaining about the one she just finished. She really went for *Tumbleweed Boy*. Not a gripe! Could she be low on vitamins or is the story that good?

(Continued on page 41.)



Carol Jeanne gladly reads to Mary and Ruth—if somebody does the dinner dishes for her

The author's daughter Mary enjoys her books so much that she takes them to bed with her

By LESLIE SAYRE





# JAWAHARLE

**battl**



*Freedom is a  
condition of  
the spirit.*

*A free mind  
will not long  
endure a  
slave's body.*

*Here is one  
more in our  
series of  
biographical  
sketches of  
personalities  
voted as most  
affecting the  
history of  
the past one  
hundred years*



# NEHRU

## for freedom

By THOMAS CURTIS CLARK

SOME OF THE great books of the world have been written in prisons. One of the most widely read of all books, *Pilgrim's Progress*, was composed in a vile prison by John Bunyan, who was called upon to pay for his religious convictions by years of seclusion from the world. Paul, it will be remembered, wrote some of his letters to the churches while a prisoner.

Several years ago there was published in America the autobiography of Jawaharrel Nehru under the title *Toward Freedom*, and the great Indian leader tells in his foreword the circumstances of its writing. For more than fourteen months he passed the days in a little cell in the Dehra Dun jail, one of the most desolate of the Indian jails. Said Nehru: "I began to feel as if I were almost a part of the jail. I knew every mark of the whitewashed walls and the ceiling with its moth-eaten rafters. In the little yard outside I greeted little tufts of grass and odd bits of stone as old friends."

Who was this man Nehru? For what crime had he been locked up in this prison? What he had done was simply this: He had for several years been fighting for his people against the English government, which for a century and a half had ruled the hundreds of millions of poor and half-starved people of India for reasons favorable economically to the British Empire.

Why did this man of fine culture and wide education have to involve himself in the trouble of the masses? He did not have to sacrifice himself. And he would not have done so—if he had not had a heart and a conscience. He was called to serve in the liberation of India.

Jawaharrel Nehru was born in Allahabad, capital

city of one of the northern districts of India, and there he spent his youth. His father was a prosperous lawyer, and he furnished his bright son with the best tutors who could be found. The family did not mingle with the common people. They were, as to birth and station, strictly "bluebloods." And as his father and mother looked ahead for their son, they saw only great success and happiness for him. When Jawaharrel had completed his early studies, his father decided to send him to the best schools available. In the spring of 1905, when the lad was fifteen, off he went to England, where he was enrolled at Harrow, where such celebrities as Lord Byron and Lord Palmerton had attended. Although the boy was at first very lonely, he plunged into his studies and won several awards for scholarship.

After three years in Harrow, he went on to Cambridge University, where he studied the sciences and also the languages. He was becoming a genuine scholar; his horizons were widening. After three years at Cambridge, he was ready for life, and he returned to India. After much discussion and argument, it was decided that Jawaharrel should enter his father's profession. He would be a famous lawyer. He was married in 1916.

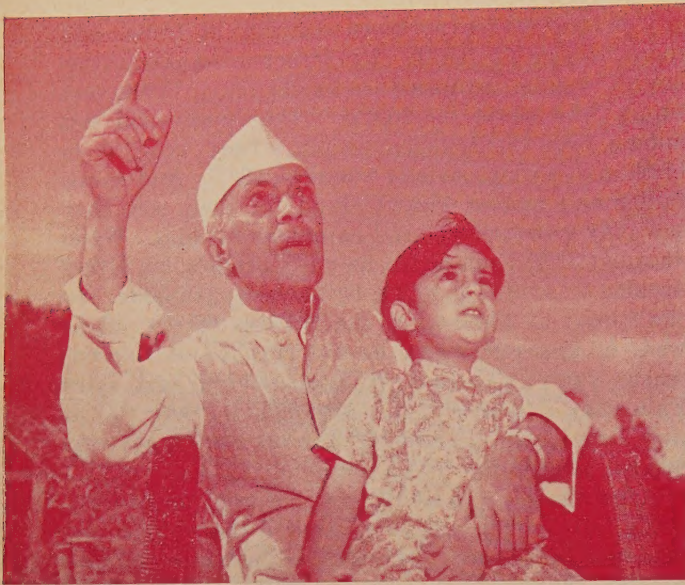
The end of the World War I found India in a state of excitement. The government imposed upon India was becoming more heartless, and the capitalist class in India were ever more greedy for wealth and undertook to squeeze profits, as never before, out of the poor masses spread over the vast country. Signs of revolution appeared among the populace. "Satyagraha Day"—"Civil Disobedience Day"—was being observed. There was beginning a movement to disobey the orders of the British government. As a result, there were police violence, mob massacres, martial law.

Who was at the head of this movement which foretold trouble for the British government? Nehru very soon found out. He had met Mohandas Gandhi some time earlier and had been impressed with his forceful leadership. The young lawyer attended a meeting in Allahabad, and there saw Gandhi in action. He addressed the gathering. Here is the way Nehru described him: "He was humble but also clear-cut and hard as a diamond, pleasant and soft-spoken but inflexible. His eyes were mild, yet out of them blazed a fierce energy and determination. 'This is going to be a great struggle,' he said, 'with a very powerful adversary. If you want to take it up, you must be prepared to lose everything, and you must subject yourself to the strictest nonviolence and discipline.'"

That was a rough challenge from the leader of the new movement for freedom. Jawaharrel Nehru looked for awhile at his future, the possibilities of great success in his law, the personal happiness that might be his. Then he made his choice. He would give it all up and accompany Mohandas Gandhi.

THAT HE MIGHT learn the exact condition of the Indians, Nehru decided to travel about through the villages and open country. There he found poverty, nakedness, hopelessness. He addressed the





Nehru telling a story to his grandson, Rajiva, in the garden of his home

people at called meetings and tried to encourage them as he could. And here is his report after one of these meetings: "They showered their affection on us and looked on us with loving and hopeful eyes, as if we were the bearers of good tiding, the guides who were to lead them to the promised land. Looking at them and their misery and overflowing gratitude, I was filled with shame and sorrow—shame at my own easy-going life and our petty politics of the city which ignored this vast multitude of semi-naked sons and daughters of India, sorrow at the degradation and overwhelming poverty of India. A new picture of India seemed to arise before me, naked, starving, crushed and utterly miserable. And their faith in us, casual visitors from the distant city, filled me with a new responsibility that frightened me."

That vision of the suffering India sealed Nehru's fate for life. All selfish ambitions must go. He would give his years to the end that these poor people might be freed from what was worse than slavery. But he was not alone, for his father too took up the fight, and his mother and wife stood staunchly behind him.

The years ahead were marked by two things: battles for the people, as Nehru, under the guidance of the great Gandhi, admonished the people to disobey the orders of their taskmasters—civil disobedience; as a result of this leadership, long imprisonments—sometimes for more than a year. At one time Nehru was held in prison for a year and half. During this period his wife was seriously ill, and the government allowed the "culprit" to visit her once a month.

In his autobiography Jawaharrel Nehru makes it plain that he had nothing against Englishmen as individuals. He said he liked them, had been really fond of them since his long stay in the English schools. These individuals, he explained, were not responsible for their actions. They were simply doing the bidding of the government, which through more than a century had organized a system of overlordship which could hold the people in check. The Englishmen as

individuals were human and friendly. As part of that brutal system, they were tyrannical.

The years between the First World War and the 1940's were filled with uprisings on the part of the people; the holding of congresses for the planning of campaigns; beatings, trials, imprisonment for the leaders and their clients. At times there were several thousands of prisoners in some of the city jails. What made the problem more difficult for the British government were the methods of fighting imposed by Gandhi. Particularly, the nonviolence technique. Whatever they do to you, declared Gandhi, you must not retaliate. What could the government do with such people?

Gandhi is now gone, but his battle, and Nehru's battle, is partly won. India has a greater degree of freedom than she has had for centuries. A new day has dawned over the amazing areas of the continent.

But Nehru still lives, and he has power to control the wills and deeds of nearly 400,000,000 people. And he is still speaking for justice and for peace. When he visited America a year ago, he brought with him a new hope for Asia.

## Thanksgiving

The Pilgrims planned a mighty feast

To thank their God, as harvests yield

Abundant food for man and beast;

They hunted game and searched the field

For corn. Content, they could at least

Sit down in peace, their faith a shield

Against the dangers as they came.

Would that their children do the same!

SYLVIA PEZOLT





By PAUL M. HUMPHREYS

**Q**UIET, LEISURELY conversation in the home would be quite a novelty for many families. Radio and television programs afford them little opportunity for communication. The daily rush to meet pressing engagements outside the home also, in many families, does not permit any effective conversation other than monosyllabic. Occasionally, some brave souls make a declaration of independence from customary gadgets and turn down outside engagements in order to enjoy happy hours conversing with family and choice friends.

Parents often fail to realize the importance of informal conversation as a means of teaching children and young people sound principles of moral and spiritual growth. One does not need to be a person of exceptional educational attainments to instill worthwhile attitudes in the minds of children and youth. He must be alert, however, to seize every opportunity within the range of home activities which will lend itself to constructive conversation.

#### *Table Talk*

Most families have at least one meal a day when all the members are present. It would be most unfortunate if the head of the house or any other member should so dominate the conversation that the other members of the family would have little or no opportunity to take part. Little children will often ask

*you* **TEACH**  
*as*  
*you*  
**TALK**



**We do not love people so much for the  
good they have done us, as for the good  
we have done them**

**Tolstoy**

questions which grow out of the experiences of the day in school or at play. These should not be ignored or "brushed off" by the older members of the household. Time should be taken to answer them carefully and as intelligently as possible.

Six-year-old Danny was eating his supper. His father said rather casually, "Well, how did school go today?" Danny said, "All right. I got an A on my workbook." "That's fine!" exclaimed his parents. Danny then said, "Harry got an A too. I like him. We play together." "Who is Harry?" asked his mother. "He's a Negro boy. Can he come and play with me tomorrow?" The engagement was approved and thus began a very practical course in race relations.

In some families it is customary to listen to the evening news on the radio. This can be used constructively for deepening the interest of all members in the responsibilities of Christian citizenship. It is not enough to let the commentator do all the thinking and talking for each member of the family. A lively discussion of the chief issues presented can emphasize the importance of electing good men to office, the desirability of harmonious international relations, and the correct approach to many social problems such as intemperance, law enforcement and marital stability.

Teen-agers may be reticent sometimes about their problems, but quite frequently they will reveal the attitudes which they have toward classmates, teachers, and other persons in the community. In many instances they will show a fine sense of justice in their judgments of associates. When their judgments are not based on true knowledge, older members of the family can help to create a fairer estimate of those whom they criticize. In some cases it is possible to get them to help someone whom they have wrongly appraised.

### *Walking and Talking*

Valuable instruction can be derived from conversations which are shared while people are walking. Some of the most stimulating sources of reflection and comment are a city park, a stretch of woodland or the open road. The broad expanse of the ocean or the lovely glint of sun-kissed wavelets on a wind-stirred lake opens the hearts of those who appreciate the wonder of creation. Long ago a Psalmist phrased it beautifully, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which

thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mind-full of him?" (Psalm 8:3-4).

The ravages of wind, flood, and fire offer opportunities for thoughtful conversation. The terrible destructiveness of a hurricane, the boundless power of a flood, and the swift, deadly journey of a fire can lead to searching questions concerning the place of man in the world. The raising of such questions in conversation may lead to answers which strengthen faith and deepen the sense of reverence for God.

Children can be taught the basic truths of the Christian religion by parents or teachers who will take them for walks where there are trees, flowers, birds, and grass. Parents or teachers may not know all the answers to the questions which children raise, but they can show by their attitude and explanation that they hold a firm belief in God. An adult must be willing to admit to a child that he does not know everything. The child will respect his honesty. If it is possible to secure an answer to a child's query, parents and teachers should consider it a duty to see that such questions are answered. Lengthy explanations are out of order; simple, direct answers are needed.

It is well to remember that Jesus did a great deal of his teaching out in the open. One day he taught the people while he was in a boat anchored near the shore; he was on a mountain when he preached his famous Sermon on the Mount; he and his disciples walked up and down the dusty roads of Palestine and conversed as they went. We, too, may have the privilege and joy of shared thoughts about God as we walk and talk in the open.

### *At Bedtime*

Bedtime can be a very happy and informative time for little children. Parents must be on the watch to see that their own tired bodies do not rob them of the chance to engage in helpful conversation with their little ones. A child may chance to look out of the window on a starlit night or when the moon lays down a silver carpet from sky to earth. Although a parent may not be well versed in astronomy he can link the far-off stars and the bright moon with the wonder of God's creative skill so that the child will have a deep respect for his Maker.

The practice of saying prayers at bedtime will open the mind of a little child to the fact that God is near at all times, even through the night. Parents can bring out the need for giving thanks to God for his blessings. A wise mother or father can also suggest the reason for remembering other people in prayer and for making requests known to God. In the latter, one must always be ready to explain the kind of request which is unselfish and most likely to receive God's approval. There may be times when a little one will ask what God is like. No parent should say, "Wait until Daddy comes home," or "Ask the minister next Sunday." Parents can explain the nature of God as revealed in the life and teachings of Jesus.

Bedtime is also an opportunity for demonstrating the meaning of forgiveness. If a child has been naughty even to the point of some destructive episode,

*(Continued on page 46.)*



# CURTAINS OF FLAME

*A Story by* IRMA CRAWFORD DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. A. TALONE



Even in little ways mom seemed to try to hurt dad, like the first day at the farm when he asked why she didn't get some bright curtains

ON THE TABLE beside Frankie's Bible and clean shirt and blue necktie was a small paper sack, neatly folded at the top and holding something heavy enough to make it stand upright. "What's this, Mom?" he asked, coming into the kitchen from the back porch, where he had washed up after chores.

"Just a little second breakfast," she answered, looking up from the potato she was peeling. "I thought you might need some extra energy for that long walk into town. You can eat as you go."

"Why, thanks—but you didn't need to do that, Mom," he protested. But he did feel just a little bit hungry. He hurried on with his shirt and knotted his tie. "Good-by, gotta hurry." He grabbed his package of lunch and the white leather-covered Bible he had earned in Sunday school. "Wish you and the girls could go, too!"

As he went through the living room on his way to the front door he took time for a sweeping glance about him. He liked the neatness



of each chair and book and doily in place, and the delicate beauty of the small vase of mountain wild flowers in the center of the white cover on the library table. But the room needed something else—something bright and cheerful, even a twelve-year-old boy knew that.

Outdoors it was better. He took deep breaths of the good mountain air and let his eyes go ahead of him to where the road curved around Steamboat Mountain and the valley narrowed to a ravine. Even if he did have to walk three miles to town he liked it better out here than living crowded among other houses. Here the air seemed cleaner and the sun brighter than in town. What if they did have only forty acres and an old log house? They could have been happy if Dad hadn't gone.

The road was a little steeper now, it made his leg muscles pull to keep his fast gait, but he liked putting out all his strength. He turned to look back at Willow Valley. This was the best time of the year, when everything was green or the brown of fresh plowed earth. But when he used to come here to visit Uncle Winfield and Aunt Neva there were hundreds of chickens around the place and five cows and a pony for him to ride. But they were dead now and their will left the place to Dad and his heirs forever. Dad said the place wasn't worth much, so he rented the land, and the house and barns were vacant for three years—until the bad luck came.

He thought of his mother now, not making an effort to get to church, and not even going to the neighbors to try to get a way for the girls. They were too young to walk three miles, and Mom was too proud to ask the neighbors to take them. She was probably still in the kitchen in her gray dress, with her straight hair pushed back behind her ears, and that drawn, hard expression on her face which she had worn ever since the business failed.

Dad did not take the loss so hard; he said that life couldn't be all sunshine and no rain. It was Mom who could not forget. Dad's partner had not been an honest man; he took the money

intended for payments on the sawmill equipment and used it for paying for his own car and his fine home. He intended to pay it back later, but the company came and took over their business, even took Frankie's home and the good car. Now they only had an old green roadster and Uncle Winfield's place.

"That's what you get for being so trusting," Mom said over and over until the smile wrinkles were

**I count life just a stuff  
To try the soul's strength  
on**

**Robert Browning**

gone from around her eyes and the softness gone from her voice. What hurt Frankie most was the change in the way she spoke to Dad.

Even in little ways she seemed to try to hurt him, like the first day at the farm. Frankie was hammering in the little fixtures which go at the end of curtain rods, and Mom was pushing the rod through the hem at the top of their tan curtains which had been in the other house.

Dad came in carrying a table. "Why don't you give those to the junk man and get us some bright curtains?" he demanded. "Remember the red curtains Aunt Neva used here in the living room? Remember how cheerful they looked when the sun came through them? I used to see them way up the road and somehow they made me feel sort of welcome."

Frankie remembered the look of his mother's back as she stood at the window, pulling the gathers along the rod so that the panels hung evenly. "Red curtains fade too much," she said. "Besides, these ecru curtains are too nice to throw away. You seem to forget how poor we are."

Dad turned and went out the door without a word, but Frankie got a glimpse of his face. It looked hurt and defeated. He kept looking that way in the days and weeks that followed as he worked to get the farm in shape while Frankie

was going to school. Then a few days after school was over he had followed Frankie into the yard after breakfast, and while they stood there by the woodpile had said, "I've decided to go up to Fullerton and stay with your grandma while I look for a job." He was looking away toward the blue ridge. Grandma lived forty miles away. He turned to Frankie and grinned with his mouth, but his eyes were very still. "As soon as I get a little money I'll send it to your mother so she can take you and the girls to town. I'll either come back and put in another crop next year or rent the place out—your mother isn't happy here."

"You can't do that, Dad, you can't!" Frank cried. "I like it here; I'd rather be here than any place in the United States. I bet Mom feels that way, too. She just goes on, Dad. She don't mean half she says."

But his father looked back at the blue ridge, not meeting Frankie's eyes. Then he blew his nose. "Must be taking a cold," he said. "It isn't anything your mother said. It's me. A man has to feel important—he has to count for something in his own home. He has to feel wanted and—welcome."

Frankie couldn't take any more. When his father went into the house to pack his suitcase he went to the barn and lay down in the hay. After awhile he heard the car start and pull out from the garage. But he couldn't bring himself to watch the old green roadster chug away.

Three weeks had gone by and Frankie was still almost as lonely as ever for his father. There was plenty of good work to keep him busy. He got up early and milked, and fed the team, for they could not afford a tractor, and some days he hoed in the garden and others he plowed the young corn. He did not talk to his mother very much, except now and then to thank her for a good supper of one of his favorite dishes, chicken and dumplings or cherry pie or the good corn muffins she so often baked.

Once, when he came in from evening milking he must have



looked tired, for she put her hand on his shoulder and said, "I've been wondering if you'd teach me to milk. . . ."

He wanted to remind her that they wouldn't be on the farm long, because of her, that there was no use in learning for so short a time. Instead, he said, "You have a big enough job in the house, Mom." He saw her lips tremble a little and he added, "You're a swell cook, and you sure keep a clean house."

She stood there looking at him in a strange way, and for the first time in months he saw tears spilling down her cheeks. "You're so much like your father," she said slowly, and then she turned away and he thought he heard her say, "What am I ever going to do without him?" Surely he couldn't have heard correctly, he reasoned, for all she had to do was write him a letter, or go to the neighbor's and phone to grandma's house.

But he guessed she couldn't bring herself to do that.

Suddenly he remembered the paper sack he was carrying. He was really hungry now and it was still half a mile to the church. He unfolded the top and took out a fat apple turnover wrapped carefully in waxed paper. He bit through the tender crust to find the apples seasoned just right. His mother *was* certainly a good cook.

His turnover finished, he reached the church and sat down on the steps to rest awhile before going inside. He had purposely come half an hour early to work on the posters for their Sunday school bulletin board. He had never attended a class he enjoyed so much, for his teacher knew how to make a boy forget his big feet and his awkwardness and take a real part in the class. Miss Summers explained that being a Christian was not just talking of Jesus, for often words were forgotten, it was also *showing* how Jesus lived and then living that way oneself. Frankie was very talented in art, and Miss Summers bought him a box of soft pastels so that he could make posters to illustrate the lesson.

He got up slowly and walked down the basement stairs into sud-

den coolness. He liked the smell of mingled concrete and burlap curtains, and there was also the faintest kitchen odor left from the last Friday night church supper, he supposed. It reminded him of the happy times they used to have when Mom and Dad were together and the whole family came to the church.

The class met in the corner, curtained into a three-cornered room. As he pulled aside the flap he saw

## Home interprets heaven.

### Home is heaven for

#### beginners

#### Charles Parkhurst

Miss Summers sitting at her table with the Bible open before her. She was wearing a blue dress of the same color he had seen in the sky this morning, and she had a big pink rose pinned to her shoulder. She smiled up at him without surprise. "Hello," she said, "I'm glad you came to help me decide what to use for our Bible reading. Do you want to listen to these verses from Proverbs and see if there is anything you can use to illustrate?"

Frankie sat down and fixed his eyes on his teacher. She was so beautiful it was wonderful just to sit and look at her. At first he did not catch everything she said, and then the words began to take root:

"How much better is it to get wisdom than gold! . . . Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."

The picture of his father and mother flashed into his mind and he could not listen for thinking, *That was their whole trouble, pride and desire for money.* "Miss Summers," he interrupted.

She looked up. "Yes, Frankie."

"If you know someone—someone who is so unhappy it just hurts all over to think about her, or him, if you know what makes them that way—could a boy like me say anything to point it out?"

The corners of Miss Summers' blue eyes crinkled. "I don't know, Frankie, but I can read along here

in Proverbs and see if you can find an answer." She scanned the pages for a minute. "See if any of these answers seem to fit: 'The wise in heart shall be called prudent: and the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning. . . . Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones. . . . He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty. . . . Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly, than to divide the spoil with the proud. . . .'" She looked up again as Frankie gave a sudden exclamation. "Did you hear something you liked, Frankie?"

"I think I know the picture I want to paint," he said. His brown eyes were very bright and his hand fairly itched to get hold of the pastels.

Frankie was painting as the others came in. They stood around and watched. First he made the sky just the color of Miss Summers' dress, then he took the side of his crayon and worked in a few of the fleecy clouds he had seen that morning, then the darker blue ridge—where Dad lived now—and the nearer range of foothills which were dark green and brown, made softer by distance. This he showed by working in a little purple and white, as his art teacher had taught him.

"What's he going to put in the bottom of the picture?" demanded Shorty Robbins, the boy who always had to talk about something.

"Wait and see," said Miss Summers.

They watched while he filled in yellow green for the willows along the creek bank and the square of plowed ground beyond the barn. Then he sketched in the log cabin and the old rail fence and even the flowers around the gate.

"It's time to sing and call the roll," Miss Summers announced. "Frankie, you finish the picture while we sing our opening song and call the roll."

He worked fast, coloring the logs and making a little shadow from the house and each tree and fence. Then he went all over the picture with yellow, touching up

(Continued on page 44.)



*... inasmuch as ye have done it*

# unto the least

*Countless numbers of the world's people are hungry*

*and homeless. You can help them. Read this, then*

*turn to the Fireside Chat for further information*

**By RALPH F. STREBEL**

A POORLY CLOTHED little boy of Italian ancestry stood in front of the Olympic Theatre in Utica, New York, his ragged cap in hand. The war against Hitler was ended and the theatre was giving a show for children to benefit the city's clothing drive for European relief. Slowly the olive-skinned lad approached the girl at the ticket window. He placed two dimes before her. She explained that used clothing, not money, gained admission.

"I only have the clothes I am wearing," the lad replied tearfully. "I have no dad. My mother is ill. I support her by shining shoes. But I wanted to help the poor children of Europe, so my mother said to bring these two dimes."

The girl gave him back the twenty cents and started to tell him to go in anyway, but the boy was ahead of her. He looked for a moment at his cap, then with a smile to the girl, tossed it on the clothing pile and entered the theatre.

That story was really the beginning of Utica's nationally known Overseas Relief Center, which is dedicated to peace building through the creation of friendships between Americans and persons living abroad.

A Utica merchant, Fred O. Schwender, was chairman of the Mayor's clothing drive for which the Olympic Theatre gave the benefit. He heard the story of the shoe-shine boy's sacrifice. He said to his friend, the Reverend Ewart E. Turner, "This is a sign that people here want to do something fundamental to help Europe and all the war-victim peoples of the world to start a new life and to live in peace."

Mr. Turner had been pastor of the American Church in Berlin, Germany, from 1930 to 1934. He had just returned from an assignment as war correspondent in Germany. Together the two men approached civic and church leaders in Utica. The response was overwhelming.

Three rooms were donated as headquarters. A firm contributed desks and typewriters. An office supply house gave files. A paint company offered all the paint, brushes, and wallpaper needed to renovate the offices. Contributions made possible the hiring of a full-time secretary. A staff of volunteers provided

morning and afternoon crews of receptionists, typists, clothing sorters, and packers.

Now in its fifth year of international good will, the Center looks back on a breath-taking civic outpouring of activity in behalf of reconciliation and understanding between peoples. Over \$4,000 worth of CARE packages have been ordered this year through the center. All wholesale and retail druggists of this area participated in sending over a half-ton of precious drugs to bombed-out hospitals in Italy, Germany, and Poland. In one food drive alone, over five tons of foods were shipped overseas to needy families, orphanages, and parishes of every faith. Shoe wholesalers and retailers have repeatedly donated out-of-style or slow-moving shoes for large shipments through the Center.

One Jewish shoe-store owner came to the Center and asked, "Is it true you sent one-third of your last shipment to Jewish relief agencies in Europe?" He was told that this was true, and had been done as a token of our sympathy for the tragedy of persecution which had befallen European Jews. He replied, "Well, only 4 per cent of Utica's population is Jewish. I guess I give you five hundred more pairs of shoes." And he did.

Although the Center is organized as an activity of the Commission on International Good Will of the Utica Council of Churches, it functions beyond all denominational lines. Outstanding Catholic leaders have headed project committees. The local Knights of Columbus have assisted in several projects. A generous check was sent by the Jewish Community Center in recognition of inter-faith good will created.

A request came from a bombed-out Catholic church in Berlin for materials for confirmation dresses. A Utica merchant, Mac Berger, contributed the requested cloth. Thus a Catholic parish was aided by a Jewish firm through the mediation of Fred Schwender, a Protestant businessman and chairman of the Center.

Schools have played a major role in the Center's program of peace building. The older generation



# Genese....



This is Jacqueline of Luxembourg; thousands of children like her need your help

has not succeeded in establishing peace; perhaps the children should be given a chance.

Utica is a popular convention city, and at two annual meetings of the New York State Teachers' Association Mr. Turner and the writer of this article appeared before more than four thousand teachers gathered at two large theatres. I was asked to become co-chairman of the Center on my coming to Utica College, after a period of service as Chief in Education and Curricula for the American Military Government in the American Sector of Berlin from August, 1946, to August, 1947.

We have no estimate as to how many "pen pals" have been brought together through the Center's activity. In this area alone, forty-eight schools have "adopted" a similar number of overseas schools, sending them relief packages, school supplies, holiday remembrances, and initiating correspondence between pupils and between faculties. A number of area colleges have also undertaken ambitious programs under Center sponsorship.

With the advance of the Marshall Plan, and be-

cause of an expanding program, the name has now been changed to Utica's Overseas Friendship Center. Relief shipments continue because of the millions of war victims who remain in desperate economic straits in spite of a general rise in Europe's living standards. For more than three years a team of the same three women has packed parcels at the Center every Wednesday. An average of \$100 monthly is paid on overseas parcel post. Letters of cheer and friendship accompany the shipments. The replies received through the years constitute one of the most moving chapters of gratitude and affection in American history.

"Communism can never be overcome by merely being *against it*," declares Mr. Schwender. "We must be *for* democracy, *for* Christianity, *for* people." He believes that if a man goes down a street of Paris, or Munich, or Naples, with a package from Genesee Street, Utica, under his arm, and reading a letter from his American friend, he will not have ears for the Soviet blasts about American "imperialism" and "exploitation."



# when DAUGHTER

**O**H, MOTHER, guess what? I've a date! Jack Morton walked me home from school. He wants to come over Saturday night. Is it all right?"

Of course, it's all right. Amy Lou is fifteen now. You have been expecting her to begin dating at any time. But with teen-agers driving all over the county on dates, you never dreamed she would start this way, so casually and at home. You are delighted, for you will have a chance to get acquainted with Jack, about whom you've been hearing so much. Knowing Jack, and the other boys who will be dating your daughter these next few years, is most important.

Naturally you cannot expect all your daughter's dates to be at home—nor do you want them to be. Teen-agers crave excitement and want to be on the go. There is glamour about outside dates that appeals to both boys and girls; moreover they are excellent social training. Basketball games, church and school parties, and movies with that all-important bite to eat afterwards at a popular teen-age eating place are red-letter dates on every girl's calendar.

But home dates definitely should be encouraged, especially with younger high school girls, if for no other reason than to impress upon youngsters that home is more than a place to eat and sleep. Dates at home can be fun too, with a little planning.

Single dates at home, however, are less likely to succeed than double or group dates, especially with a girl relatively inexperienced in dating. Unless she and a boy know each other well enough to be at ease with each other, or are more or less extroverts, or have some absorbing common interest as working on a high school or church project, a date at home may bog down. There is also the possibility that if they have nothing to do but talk, the atmosphere may become heavy with romance. And romance is to be avoided in the teens.

In double or group dating a girl avoids the almost inevitable pitfalls of singling. In addition she has a better chance to judge her dating partner when she sees him against a background of his peers. She may become aware of faults which could spoil a friendship, or the reverse may be true.

Take the case of Bob and Carol who singled on most of their dates. Then one week end Carol was invited to a birthday party and asked to bring a date. She invited Bob. In the crowd he was different than when alone with her. She broke off the friendship. He was so dictatorial and resentful of her popularity



No need for grave inquiry into the lad's aims and future prospects, Dad. He only proposed a date, not marriage—besides, he's probably nervous enough already

with the crowd that he made the evening miserable for her.

On the other hand, Sally took quiet Norm's courtesy and consideration toward her for granted. Then she saw him on a group date and compared his attitude with that of the other boys. No longer could she take his courtesy as a matter of course.

So if you would make your daughter's home dates successful, why not suggest that she double or triple with one or two of her friends? A group can do many more things than a couple. For example, they can have a backyard roast or play games. Even conversation—and boys and girls love to talk—is more fun in a group. Several girls might plan a progressive dinner, and share the expense and work to avoid its becoming burdensome for any one family.

The food for any date is important. Whether



# DATES at home

By HAZEL CEDERBORG

ILLUSTRATED BY CHRIS PEARSON

daughter is singling, doubling or group dating, do let her and her friends be responsible for the refreshments. Playing hostess is excellent social training. The boys too enjoy being in on the preparations. You can expect plenty of good-natured teasing and some horse play from the boys, but recognize both as part of growing up.

All you need to do is provide cokes and plenty of the crisp things teen-agers like, such as potato chips, cheese crackers, pretzels, popcorn. You can leave a chocolate cake or a pie or special cookies handy, but it really is not necessary. On special occasions a girl may want to prepare hamburgers with an individual twist, or an original sandwich, or some other favorite dish. That is fun too.

Another important advantage of home dates is that they are easy on a boy's wallet. With the heavy expenses high school entails—books, tickets, class and



Getting in on the preparations is fun—  
let the boys lend a hand sometimes



Remember, the gaiety can be a trifle  
wearing on Dad now and then

school fees, proms and formal parties with corsages and after-the-party entertainment—many boys find their Saturday night date money limited. Even a movie date with tickets, transportation, and food can run as high as three dollars. Without financial backing from home or part-time work which cuts down the time for homework and extra-curricular activities, a boy cannot afford to date a girl as often as he would like to. With most boys Dutch-treat dates are taboo. Frequent home dates then are a satisfactory solution to the dating problem.

Of course if your daughter is dating a lot at home, you must be ready to make the adjustments necessary for the convenience and happiness of the whole family. You cannot expect the other members to go underground, so to speak, when daughter has a date; nor can you expect a boy to want to date her if you have failed to catch the adolescent point of view. Teen-agers like privacy—not that they have anything to hide from parents, but they like to be on their own. We adults all must admit that the average teen-age conversation sounds silly, to put it mildly, to adult ears and can be embarrassing all around.

If you have a recreation room or two living rooms

(Continued on page 45.)





# WILL OUR FORGET

**W**HEN THE Victorian Age was dying and the progressive twentieth century was being born, Sammy and Clarence swapped Alger stories, while Annie and Mamie exchanged the varied experiences of Elsie Dinsmore. For years teachers and librarians have scorned this untrue-to-life, "goody-goody" literature. But they no longer need worry lest Sammy's or Annie's grandchildren read these out-moded books. For today Stanley and Douglas swap comic books; Shirley Ann and Betty discuss last night's radio serial or the movie they hope to see after school today.

For at least ten years, teachers and librarians have been disturbed over the serious decline in children's reading. Public libraries with well-equipped, attractive children's rooms have struggled to offset falling circulation in children's books. The organizer of an effective library extension service told the writer not long ago that the only sections of the state where children's reading was on the increase were in rural areas where the bookmobile was giving them service for the first time. In a good small library in her

area, children took out only 13,000 books in 1948 as against 23,000 in 1939.

Teachers not only notice less reading on the part of their pupils, but less ability to read. Pupils stumble over simple words or confuse the word with one having some of the same letters. A bright third-grade boy in my class was given a simple prayer from a primary church school paper to read recently. He began thus: "Dear Good out Father." This failure to learn to read easily accounts for much poor work in high school and college. A friend told of a young man of her acquaintance who had always wanted to



be a doctor, and who seemed to have some natural qualifications for that work. But when he began taking one of his pre-medical courses that called for difficult reading, he read so slowly and inaccurately that he was dropped from the course and had to give up hopes of a profession that called for so much technical reading.

Some publishers may say that people are buying books instead of borrowing them from libraries. A well-known book reviewer says that many of the so-called books today are "things" rather than books if one considers them as reading material. In the adult field there has been a great increase of books with gadgets or toys connected with them but almost no reading. It is true that there has been a commendable increase in beautiful picture books for pre-school children; but this tendency to profuse illustration in books for the lower grades may have had a bad effect on the child's reading. If the pictures tell *all* of the story, why bother to read the meager text!

Local bookstores in many cases give an unfavorable report on the buying of children's books. In a city that ranks high in formal education and culture, within the last few years, two stores which carried a good line of children's books have closed out those departments. The children's book department in another store is obliged to keep the cheap series books in the most conspicuous place, because the management thinks they bring in the most profit.

As to the causes of this poor reading in present-day children, parents and teachers do not always

agree. Some parents blame the present school method of teaching reading as against the older ABC's. Some teachers blame the homes where the comics and the newspaper are the only reading matter. But both are more or less agreed that reading has rivals in radio, movies and, now, television. For all of these are short cuts where little or no reading is required. The amount of time movies steal from possible good reading can be shown by what happened in a small town in Pennsylvania when the only movie house burned down, and was not rebuilt for a year. The library was open only three days a week, but during that year the children's reading averaged an increase of fifty books a day.

Visual aids in church school teaching, hailed by many as the law and the gospel, present special problems when they deal with incidents allowing for varied interpretations. The well-written story can leave room for the child's imagination, and be elastic enough for slightly different interpretations of the non-essentials; but the vividness of the filmstrip picture may stamp upon the child's mind a hard-and-fast interpretation which may be at variance with the desired teaching.

How can parents encourage this dwindling art of reading? First, they may begin by checking the magazines on the living room table. Are they all the easy-reading, pictorial type, or are there some with worth-while and interesting reading?

**P**ARENTS CAN encourage reading aloud in the home. Some of this may be done by the children themselves. Parents can help hurdle the child over many a difficult word which might discourage him in silent reading. If there is dialogue in the story, one

*(Continued on page 43.)*

# CHILDREN

# HOW TO READ?

*In recent years, pictures have crowded out the printed word. Parents are the only ones who have the means to combat this trend which is penalizing our children*

**By BELLE CHAPMAN MORRILL**



**S**HOULD MY child have a pet?" This question comes from parents very often. Usually the child wants a dog, or perhaps it is a kitten.

For nearly four years I have been editing and broadcasting a weekly radio program about pets and animals, and editing a quarterly magazine on the same subject. Hundreds of letters have come to my desk in the course of this work. Some were from pet owners, both child and adult; many were from children who wished to own pets; a very large number of them were from parents who were honestly perplexed as to whether their children should or should not have pets.

The letters from children all have one general tone. They are very direct. They love animals. They want to have a pet of their own on which to expend this love.

The letters from parents (generally mothers) take on two different slants. Many parents are fond of animals themselves, and want their children to have pets. They want to know if they are right in so deciding. On the other hand, a good many mothers, with a thought to dog hair on their upholstered furniture and rugs, muddy paw prints on the floors, general noise and disturbance that might be caused by the pet, and the added burden of feeding and caring for it, stand strongly against the introduction of an animal into the household. They want to know if they are wrong in denying their children a pet.

Dads, by the way, are generally more sympathetic to their youngsters' having pets. This might be for one of several reasons. Perhaps more dads owned pets themselves, as children. Perhaps they just have better memories. More than likely it has some basic connection with the fact that Dad is not likely to be the one to clean the dog hair off the rugs and furniture, or to feed and care for the dog.

It is this writer's considered opinion, after serious study, that no child should be denied the privilege of owning a pet if it is at all possible for him to have one. A child gains much from owning and caring for a pet.

Why? Chiefly because of the beneficial effect it can have on the child's character. Children are brimful of affection. When a child channels this affection into the acceptance of responsibility that goes with caring for a pet, he spontaneously adds to his training for maturity and citizenship.

An animal means something different to a child than it does to an adult. There is some peculiar communion, some mutuality of spirit between children and their pets. They share together some world of their own to which we, the grownups, have long since lost the magic key. An adult cherishes a devoted pet, yes, but *as a pet*. To a child, his animal companion is a *friend*!

In a sense, children are lonely souls. There are times when they feel frighteningly unsure. At such times, it is a comfort beyond words to them to have the cool, wet nose of their pup thrust trustingly and reassuringly into their hand, or to feel their kitten rub against

them in silent and sensitive understanding. The child hugs the dog or the kitten to him, and the bad moment is lost in the feeling of warm affection that floods over him. He is not alone! Someone loves him, someone understands him, he feels.

Did you know, you mothers and you fathers, that there are times in the life of your child when a loved animal can give your child comfort that he cannot receive from you, for all your great love of him, and desire to help him? That's no demerit to you—ah, no! It's just part of childhood.

A child has, too, a vast sense of his own littleness in the scheme of things, of his own dependence upon adults. It adds immeasurably to his stature to know that there is someone even more helpless than himself, who actually depends upon him.

Therein lies the key to a satisfactory solution of the pet owning problem. A child, upon being given a pet, should be made to

# SHOULD YOU

*Having a pet can not only provide*

*your child with a companion, but can*

*help him along the road to maturity*

By **BILLIE ECKERT MARTIN**



realize that the pet is his, not only to love and to play with, but to tend and care for as well. The child should be made to understand, above all else, that the animal will regard with the greatest love and fidelity the one who supplies its needs.

If Jimmy wants Rover to be *his* dog, to regard him, and him alone as his master and closest human friend, then it is Jimmy who must care for Rover's material wants, and not Mother, or Dad, or Big Sister. Jimmy must be taught that because he is Rover's master, Rover will depend upon him for a supply of fresh, cool drinking water, for his food, for his bathing and grooming, to keep him clean and comfortable, and for his daily quota of exercise.

Jimmy must be made to realize

that in acquiring Rover as a pet, a playmate, and a companion, he has acquired too a solemn responsibility—the responsibility for Rover's well-being. It must be impressed on Jimmy that if he fails in this responsibility, he is letting Rover down, a thing that Rover would never do to him.

**JIMMY MUST** be taught, too, that Rover's behavior, good or bad, is a direct reflection on him, as Rover's master. He should learn that if Rover falls into bad graces because of lack of proper training, *he* himself is to blame, and Rover merely the innocent victim of his master's negligence.

And so, through the child's great love of his pet, and his devotion to him, wise parents can help the child learn a primer lesson in re-

sponsibility that he would learn in no other fashion. A dog is used in the example, but the same applies to any other pet, whether it be a kitten, a colt, or a canary bird in a cage. Children love to feel that they are needed. No child should own a pet without being made to realize that the pet, whatever it is, needs him. He will respond to it glowingly. You see, no one else needs him in quite that way!

Nor will the truly wise parent take for granted Jimmy's care of his pet. They will commend him on it, directly and indirectly, pointing out that Rover has, indeed, a good, kind, thoughtful master. For make no mistake, mothers and fathers, your approbation and rec-

*(Continued on page 36.)*

# CHILD HAVE A PET?

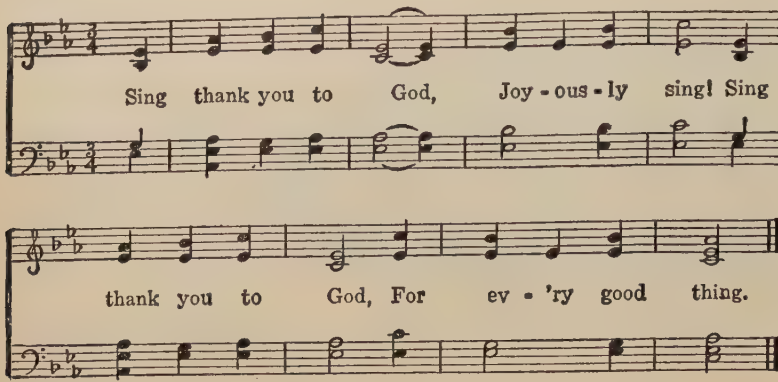




# Sing Thank You to God<sup>1</sup>

MARY EDNA LLOYD

ROSEMARY K. ROORBACH



WORSHIP IN T

with You



## A Table Grace

God is great;  
God is good;  
Let us thank him  
For our food.  
Amen.

## For Something I Like

Today, dear God, I want to think  
Of all the things my nose likes—  
And to say "Thank you" to you for them.

There's cookies. They smell good  
When Mother's baking them.  
There's roses and other flowers.  
There's chocolate. It has a special smell.  
There's soap, when Mother's scrubbing me—  
I like it better than the scrubbing!  
And I love the smell of varnish  
And of paint when Daddy lets me help.  
There's the nice smell of horses in the barn  
On Grandpa's farm.  
And my new puppy's fur smells just as nice  
And sweet as it can be. I'll think of other  
things

Some other time. Just now, that's lots of  
things

To thank you for, dear God! Oh, yes,  
I'd better say a special "Thank you" for my  
nose!

—GRACE W. MCGAVRAN

<sup>1</sup>From *Learning in the Church Kindergarten*. Published by the Graded Press, copyright Pierce and Smith. Used by permission.

SING TH

"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving."  
—Psalm 148

Thanksgiving Day! A day when families all to be together! Preparations are made sometimes weeks, ahead for the traditional dinner of turkey, dressing, pumpkin pie and other things to eat. Thanksgiving is a festive day. To some, perhaps, it is only that, but to Christian families it is much more. It is a day of special family worship. Many churches have Thanksgiving services. Often several churches unite for these services. It is an enriching experience for the family to worship together in church on this special day but if you cannot attend church services together, you can worship together in your own home. The poems, prayers, and songs on this page may help you in arranging such a service of worship. Perhaps you would like to use the following parts of Psalm 136 as a litany:

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever.  
Oh give thanks unto the God of gods;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever.  
Oh give thanks unto the Lord of lords;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever:  
To Him who alone doeth great wonders;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever:  
To Him that by understanding made the heavens;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever:  
To Him that spread forth the earth above the  
waters;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever:  
To Him that made great lights;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever:  
The sun to rule by day;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever;  
The moon and stars to rule by night;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever;  
Oh give thanks unto the God of heaven;  
For His lovingkindness endureth forever."

—Psalm 136:1-9

HEARTHSTONE



# Children



## TO GOD

Thanksgiving can be understood by all your children. One of the very first expressions your child knows is "Thank you." He learns by hearing you say it when he hands you a toy or some other thing. You yourself hasten this learning as you encourage him to try to respond with these same words when he receives a courtesy or a gift. Later he will learn that when he feels glad and happy about something, he is feeling thankful and will want to tell someone about it. This is a natural beginning of prayer, if parents recognize the child's feeling and help him put it into words. For example, when your child is looking at a beautiful flower and says simply "Pretty, Mommy, pretty," you might well say in a soft voice, "Yes, it is. I'd like to say thank you, God, for the pretty flower."

At the table, as father and mother take turns at expressing thanks to God for the food, your child will want also to express thanks audibly. It is when children put this expression of thanks in their own words, but if they wish, they may use a simple thank-you prayer, such as the one on this page.

Begin with your children the songs on this page. Children like to have you sing with them.

Together read the poems. These may suggest personal things your family will want to talk about, the many things for which each of you is thankful. You may help your children, from the youngest to oldest, to be aware of God's good gifts and to express thanks for them.

Now, this is a time to sing thank you to God. Sing thank you with your children.

Sing thank you for the beauties of nature.

Sing thank you for family, friends and loved ones.

Sing thank you for happy times.

Sing thank you for Jesus, God's son.

Sing thank you to God!

## Prayer

Dear God, we are glad you have made so many wonderful things, like flowers, trees and birds for us to enjoy. We are glad you have planned for families to have happy times together and to take care of one another. We are glad for your love and care. Help us to remember your good gifts and to give you thanks each day, but at this Thanksgiving time we give you special thanks. Amen.

## Thanks for the Harvest

For apples rosy cheeked and firm,  
For luscious pale green pears,  
For carrots sleek and ruddy beet,  
For bursting granaries of wheat;  
For all the fruit of God's good earth  
Let us give thanks with joy and mirth.  
Let us give thanks and let us share  
Our gifts with people everywhere.

—IDA LAWRENCE MILLER<sup>2</sup>

## We're Thankful

We're thankful, Lord, for gladness,  
For school and home and play;  
We're thankful for November,  
And our Thanksgiving Day!

We're thankful for the seasons,  
For water, sun and air;  
For snow upon the mountain top,  
And beauty everywhere!

—NONA KEEN DUFFY

## Thanksgiving for a Good Day

All things lovely, all things good,  
All my pleasures and my food,  
Come from God, and so I pray:  
"Thank you, God, for this good day";  
And in the morning help me see  
How kind and generous I can be.  
Then at night I'll gladly say,  
"Thank you for a better day!"

—ANONYMOUS

<sup>2</sup>Copyright, Judson Press. Used by permission.



# Jeannie and the Snowshoes

JEANNIE LONGED for a pair of snowshoes. She lived in a little valley in the mountains where the snow fell soft and deep each winter. Besides, her brother David had found a pair of snowshoes under the Christmas tree last year.

"When you are as old as David, you may have a pair," Daddy explained. "You're too little to manage them yet."

Jeannie sighed as she stood by the window watching the big snowflakes hide the mountains with a curtain of white. Suddenly she heard a crash in the kitchen. Only she and Mother were home. Daddy was at the lumber camp and David at school. Jeannie went to school just in the mornings.

"What happened, Mommy?" she called, skipping toward the kitchen. She opened the kitchen door, and there in the middle of the floor was Mother, her ankle twisted under her in a dreadfully queer way. "Oh, Mommy, what's the matter?" Jeannie cried.

Mother looked up and smiled, but Jeannie saw that her face was white and her lip trembled. "The stool I was standing on slipped," she said.

"Are you hurt, Mommy?"

Mother nodded. "My ankle."

Jeannie took hold of her mother's arm. "I'll help you."

"No, dear. It hurts too much to move. I guess I'll

have to stay here until David gets home to go for Doctor Moore."

Jeannie ran for a pillow to make Mother more comfortable. She was thinking fast. When she came back she said, "Mommy, I know where Doctor Moore's office is. I'll go get him."

Mother tried to smile. "I'm afraid the snow's too deep for you," she said, but Jeannie saw her eyes go to the red clock on the wall.

"How long till David will be home, Mommy?"

"Two hours."

"It's not as far to the doctor's office as to school," Jeannie said.

Mother's eyelashes fluttered, but she didn't answer. Jeannie went for her snow suit. "I can go, Mommy," she said.

Her mother sighed. "It does hurt so. If you're sure—"

That was all Jeannie needed. She tugged at her snow pants. In a jiffy she was dressed like a little Santa Claus in her red suit trimmed with white fur. She tied a scarf over her blond curls, pulled on her mittens, and said, "I'm ready now. I'll get him, Mommy."

Mother opened her eyes and smiled. "Good girl," she said.

Jeannie stepped out onto the back porch. She was surprised to see how deep the snow was. She felt her way down the steps, floundering, half buried in snow. She could hardly believe it had become so deep since noon. She tried to take a step, but the mass of snow was too much for her short legs. Tears came to her eyes. Mother needed her so badly. She couldn't wait for David.

Thinking of David gave Jeannie an idea. David's snowshoes hung on the back porch. She would put them on. The first one was soon on, but the second one was harder. Her fingers were getting very cold, but Jeannie would not give up. She worked and worked until she had it on too. Then she stood up. She tried to move her foot forward, but she landed flat on her face in the snow.

She wanted to cry, but she got up, brushed the snow off her face, and tried again. A few more times she went down, but then she began to catch on. By the time she had reached the church, she was walking along just as David would have.

"I'm using snowshoes," she thought happily, "and I'm going to get Doctor Moore for Mommy." She turned the corner. She was making good time now.

Jeannie felt very proud as she put her hand on the snowy knob of the doctor's office door. When she stepped inside she could see only blackness, but this did not surprise her, for she was used to the brightness of the snow making it hard to see when you came

(Continued on page 38.)

*A Story by*

**MARION MARSH BROWN**



**D**OWN FROM THE big maple tree, one by one, fluttered the leaves. Ever since Jack Frost's visit, they had been leaving their tree home, and now they lay in a heap on the brown earth.

On top of the pile lay Little Russet, who was much handsomer than the other leaves. He had golden tips, like fingers, and touches of green and scarlet on his red-brown coat.

Boys and girls on their way to school noticed Little Russet and stopped to admire him. This made Little Russet very proud; it also made him discontented.

"I am much too handsome to lie here with these dried-up leaves," he fretted. "I should be out in the big world, having adventures. I could dance across a green meadow; I could sail across a blue pond, and study my reflection in the water."

Just then, West Wind came puffing around the corner and Little Russet called out to him:

"West Wind, West Wind, come with me.  
The world is big, there is much to see."

"Ho, ho!" shouted West Wind, slowing down to a gentle breeze. "Do you want to have adventures, little leaf? Very well, let us travel together."

At that, West Wind gave a great "Whoo-o-osh!" that sent Little Russet sailing high in the air. Gay and carefree, he whirled and fluttered above the fields and meadows. Then, suddenly, West Wind stopped.

"I must leave you now, Little Russet!" he shouted. "You can go down to the green meadow and play. See you later."

So Little Russet fluttered down, down to the green meadow, and for a while, he danced about contentedly. Then, he grew tired of playing alone, and looked about for a companion. He spied a small bush, and fluttered over to it, calling:

"Bush, bush, come with me.  
The world is big; there is much to see."

But the bush looked at Little Russet scornfully, saying: "I am far too busy to go seeking adventures. I must prepare myself for the long winter. However, I will be very grateful if you will curl up here beside me with the other leaves, and help keep me warm."

But Little Russet did not want to curl up beside the bush. He wanted to do something gay and exciting. So, he said good-bye to the bush and started on his way. Suddenly he stopped. In the distance he saw something very strange that he had never seen before. Great scarlet tongues were leaping high into the air, and something thick and black was pouring up like a heavy black cloud. Little Russet hurried toward the scarlet tongues, and met a brown rabbit with a powder-puff tail. The rabbit looked at him curiously, and asked where he was going.

# Adventures of a Leaf

Little Russet told him, and asked the rabbit to join him, calling:

"Rabbit, rabbit, come with me.  
The world is big, there is much to see."

"I am sure we can find adventure over there where the red tongues are dancing," he said. But the rabbit looked at him scornfully.

"That is fire," he explained, "and not a safe place for leaves to be near. Not safe for rabbits, either. That is why I haven't a moment to spend with you. I must get home and look after my family."

Rabbit scampered off, leaving Little Russet alone once more. He decided that, since the rabbit had warned him, he had better go in another direction. So he fluttered along till he reached a small blue pond, and he was delighted, for he had found a place to study his reflection. For a while, he found this very pleasant, but by and by he grew lonely. He looked about for someone to play with, and he noticed a toad sitting on the bank, studying him with his funny bulgy eyes.

"Toad, Toad, come with me.  
The world is big; there is much to see,"

called Little Russet, but Toad shook his head.

"Can't do it," he said, in a croaking voice. "I have just made my mudpie bed, and now I'm going to climb into it and spend the winter there."

"Oh, dear," said Little Russet. "Then I won't have anyone to share my adventures."

*A Story by*

**HELEN RAMSEY**



# The Lamb



Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice:

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee!  
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee.  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a Lamb:—  
He is meek, and He is mild;  
He became a little child:  
I, a child, and thou, a lamb,  
We are called by His name.

Little Lamb, God bless thee;  
Little Lamb, God bless thee.

—WILLIAM BLAKE

"You do look lonesome and chilly," said Toad, kindly. "Tell you what. I'll make a mudpie bed for you, too, if you like."

"No, thank you, Toad," said Little Russet. "I think I'd better just stay here. Perhaps someone will come along soon."

"Suit yourself," said Toad. "I must be going. I must have my winter's sleep, so I can be ready to help my friends with their gardens next spring. I rid the gardens of pests, you know."

With that, Toad climbed into his mudpie bed, and soon disappeared from view. Once more, Little Russet was alone. There were no leaves or bushes to keep him company, no rabbits or friendly old toads to talk to. The sky grew dark, and the water was cold. Little Russet thought longingly of his warm home by the maple tree. He wondered if he would ever see the other leaves again, and he had just about given up hope, when West Wind came rushing along. Little Russet started to call to him:

"West Wind, West Wind, come with me—"

But he was too tired and too cold to say any more; he just called, faintly: "Please take me home."

"Ho, ho!" laughed West Wind. "I thought you wanted to have adventures in the big world. But never mind. I'll take you home."

He gave a big "Whoo-o-osh!" that sent Little Russet high into the air, and in a few minutes, he came down with a soft "plop!" right on top of the leaves beside the maple tree. How happy his brothers and sisters were to see him. And how happy Little Russet was to see them.

"We thought you were out in the world having adventures," said the leaves. "We were just getting ready to go to sleep and keep the maple tree warm all winter."

"I've had all the adventures I want," said Little Russet, snuggling down with them. "I never want to leave my nice home here again."

And with that, he curled up among the leaves, and was soon fast asleep.



# Family Fun

## FOR THANKSGIVING

**W**HILE THANKSGIVING has its more sober side, and we should devoutly give thanks for our blessings and the fact that we can be together on that day as a family unit, still we must not overlook the fact that family fun is also something for which to be thankful.

The Pilgrims successfully combined prayer with play, rendering first to God the thanks due him, then later engaging in sports and contests in good fellowship with each other and the Indians who were their guests.

So may we also join in jolly activities with our family and friends and start our program of fun with games and stunts in which those of all ages and sizes may join.

**Gobble, Gobble** is a game that will please the children as well as the older players. All join hands making a large circle. The one chosen to be the farmer is blindfolded, and stands in the center of the circle with a light cane, or broomstick. To the strains of a lively march the circle moves around until the farmer calls: "Stop! I want a turkey!" The music and the players stop instantly, and the blindfolded farmer points his cane in some direction. Whoever happens to be in front of where the cane is pointing must grasp it and gobble three times as nearly like a turkey as possible and without laughing. If the farmer recognizes the turkey's gobble they must exchange places, but if the farmer fails to guess correctly the game goes on as before.

**A Turkey Feather Race** will be a lot of fun. Draw a straight chalk line across one end of the room for a starting tape, and a similar one across the opposite end of the room for a goal line. Each contestant receives a downy, light-in-weight feather and takes a place back of, and toeing, the starting line. At the starting signal, the contestants toss their feathers into the air and each tries to get his feather across the goal line first, either by blowing it or by batting it with the palm of the open hand. The only rules are that the feathers must not be carried, or allowed to touch the floor. Either will disqualify the con-

*Grand games—something*

*for all ages. These will*

*make a hit with any group*

**By LOIE BRANDOM**

testant. Chocolate turkeys make nice prizes for the first and second winners.

**Greetings Between Pilgrims and Indians.** An older person is chosen to be timekeeper, and two other elderly people act as judges. Four "greeters" are chosen from the rest of the group. Two of these are supposed to be Indians, so a red band is pinned around the arm of each of these. A white band is pinned around the arm of each of the other two to show they are Pilgrims. The players then take their places in the four corners of the room, an Indian and a Pilgrim diagonally across the room from each other in both cases. All are then blindfolded by the judges and turned around twice to make them lose their sense of direction. Then come the instructions to cross the room diagonally and greet the Indian or Pilgrim from the opposite corner who is supposedly coming toward him. When they meet they must shake hands and while the Pilgrim is saying "Greetings," the Indian must say "How, How!" The fun lies, however, in the inability to find each other, or to find the right one. If they meet the wrong one, the judges must see to it that the contestants do not remove their blindfolds, but are returned to their original corners to start all over again. The hunt

*(Continued on page 43.)*



**B**OOKS PLAY an important part in our lives and in the growth and development of our children's mentality, as every parent knows. Every youngster should have a few really good books as soon as he is old enough to notice fine illustrations and listen to carefully chosen stories and verses. Regardless of children's ages, the books at their disposal should fit their needs, interests, and aptitudes as they grow older. *Cheap* books, in the sense of low-grade reading, not their cost, are a poor investment. Budget-priced editions may often contain fine literature; it is what is between the pages of a book, not the price mark on the flyleaf, that should be considered.

Perhaps it was a carry-over from one of my favorite quotations by Martin Tupper that instigated my idea of teaching my own youngsters that "books are like friends." At any rate, the idea seemed sound, proved practical, and we all still feel that "a good book is the best of friends, the same today and forever." The feeling that their books were their friends, to be treated with consideration and thought, delighted our small fry and has proved an exceedingly workable premise for many other children. Perhaps it is because the suggestion has an aspect of magic, or that it injects personality into an inanimate volume. Whatever it is, it's worth considering.

Rules for the care of books fit into this plan both easily and suitably and are likely to intrigue small readers because of human comparisons. Like people, books should be in rooms with average temperatures of 65° F. and 70° F., never stored in damp basements or hot, over-dry attics, nor exposed to constant, strong sunlight. All volumes should be placed upon shelves in upright or flat positions—not tilted. If they are crowded too tightly on shelves, they are likely to get rough treatment when removed. And if they aren't kept dusted and free from spots, they will not look well-groomed. With even very young children, all of these rules can be amusingly applied to people and books as an aid in instilling proper book care in the smallsters' minds. Added to these points, older children should know that new books should have "setting-up exercises," such as are given below. If they open their very first book this way, they are pretty sure to remember and always use this method. You'll find that they'll take great pride in this knowledge and in showing their younger sisters or brothers just how a book should be "broken in."

Most books come with paper jackets; these preserve or protect them and should not be discarded. When the children borrow books, however, they are likely to be jacketless, so teach them to make paper covers for the volumes so they won't get soiled while in their care. In our family, the youngsters always covered new books, jackets and all, with paper covers, because they didn't want the gay, pretty jackets to get soiled or torn. They loved making the paper covers and often decorated them in some sort of suitable way, as well as printing titles and authors on them.

# BOOK

School books received the same treatment and their whimsical tastes for jacket decorations grew more flamboyant with the years! Sometimes they were made from wallpaper scraps, sometimes from old sheet music and then shellacked (these were usually biographies of composers).

Make any paper book jacket in this way: lay an open book on paper, cut the paper all around the book about two inches larger than the book; then, out of this two-inch extension, cut out a strip of paper the width of the backbone above and below the book's backbone. Fold the paper over the book covers. Turn in or cut off a slanting piece of paper from the inside fold-overs near the backbone to avoid any "bunching." Fasten fold-overs securely with Scotch tape. The outside treatment should be left up to the child, although the title of the book and name of its author is logically important. A nice touch is to paste on the jacket a picture of the author or a picture that is harmonious with the book's contents. The author's picture, mounted on a two-by-six strip of bright cardboard, makes a good bookmark—a much better marker than a pencil or other bulky object which *might* be used as a hurried marker if something better were not at hand. Youngsters can't always remember rules, you know!

**FIRST AID** should be administered to an "ailing" book, just as to a person. If a page is accidentally torn, it should be mended with transparent mending tape at once, to prevent further ripping. Ragged page edges can be repaired in the same way—by applying a strip of tape the entire length, or width, of the page.

People who work with, or are associated with, children in school or camp, know that the children reared in homes where reading is an important part of family recreation are the ones with a fine start toward a rich, resourceful life. The cliché that "when others

(Continued on page 41.)



# RE IKE FRIENDS



By LOUISE PRICE BELL

*Caring for books can be fun. Here are suggestions  
for teaching children to treasure their books*



# TH



**D**RAMATICALLY, David Lilienthal in a recent statement has set the theme of our discussion:

"... it is important for us to recognize that neither the atomic weapon nor any other form of power and force constitutes the true source of American strength. Nothing could be more misleading, further from reality or more dangerous to the future security of our nation and the peace of the world than that myth. For if we embrace the myth of the atomic bomb we will tend to relax when we need to be eternally vigilant in recognizing and reinforcing the wellspring of our great strength.

"What, then, is the source of our strength? That source is our ethical and moral standards of precepts, and our democratic faith in man. This faith is the chief armament of our democracy. It is the most potent weapon ever devised. Compared with it, the atomic bomb is a firecracker."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>David E. Lilienthal, "Our Faith Is Mightier Than Our Atom Bomb," the *New York Times*. By permission of the author and publishers.

Are we keeping green in our memories the great events and documents which form the ground of our cherished freedoms? Sometimes it seems as if our new citizens—those who have taken refuge with us from the whirlwinds of revolution which have swept the world—have a greater appreciation of these things than do we. How easy to take the best things of life for granted! What are we doing to prove ourselves worthy of our great democratic heritage? Are we alert to the trends in our life and thought, public and private, which threaten these precious values?

Can we learn again (and in time) that "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" or will we wake to find it gone? It was Lincoln who said: "We shall nobly save or meanly lose the last, best hope of earth."

To save our heritage we shall have to do more than keep documents and events as museum pieces. There is nothing wrong with the "Freedom Train" idea; let's keep it going. But we need to do more than gaze admiringly upon the Bill of Rights or the Declaration of Independence. Perhaps we need modern Jeremiahs to remind us that it is only covenants that are



# WELLSPRINGS

By **RAYMOND A. SMITH**

*When the individual ceases to participate*

*democratic processes die at their roots*

"written upon the hearts" which really make a difference in our lives.

Having said that much, let us first refresh our memories with regard to some of these great traditions and then ask ourselves how we can make them come alive in our own hearts and homes.

I have before me a copy of a book entitled *American Scriptures*, by Carl Van Doren and Carl Cramer. It originated during the war years and the material of which it is composed formed a series of broadcasts. How eagerly some of us listened to the great documents of our political faith during those years! We knew our sons and neighbors were exposing themselves to death on the distant battlefields of the world. And they were doing this to insure the continuance of these great American ideals. How we were stirred to deep gratitude as we heard voiced the immortal words of Patrick Henry, of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lincoln, and of Wilson! We heard dramatized the thrilling stories of Bunker Hill, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, the Alamo, the Pony Express. The stories of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and of "Home, Sweet Home" made us

realize anew how much these mean to us.

What shall a nation remember of its past? "A nation may be known by what it remembers of the past which has helped to shape it. Let it remember only old misfortunes, and it will waste its strength in despairing. Let it remember only old triumphs, and it will become arrogant and heedless. Let it rather try to remember the truth, honestly yet vividly."<sup>2</sup>

One cannot read the inspired words of many of our leaders of the past without being impressed by their vision. Sometimes their words seem to leap over the intervening years. They seem to have been written for today. Take these words of Andrew Jackson ("Old Hickory") spoken in his farewell address and notice how they fit our need for national unity today: "We behold systematic efforts publicly made to sow the seeds of discord. . . . Mutual suspicions and reproaches may in time create mutual hostility, and artful and designing men will always be found who are ready to foment these fatal divisions. . . ."

"What have you to gain by division and dissensions? . . . If these

subversive elements should succeed . . . this great and glorious Republic would soon be broken up . . . harassed with conflicts and humbled and debased in spirit, . . .

"I thank God that my life has been spent in a land of liberty. . . ."<sup>3</sup>

Or listen to Daniel Webster speaking at the dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument, as he insists upon community responsibility and points out that democracy means more than mere organization:

" . . . Let us hold fast the great truth, that communities are responsible, as well as individuals; that no government is respectable, which is not just; that without unspotted purity of public faith, . . . no mere forms of government, no machinery of laws can give dignity to political society. . . ."<sup>4</sup>

All of which is to say democracy is not automatic. A distinguished British statesman when asked concerning the late lamented League of Nations, "Will it work?" replied, "Will a spade work?" The point is clear. Our form of government will work only if we work it. Accordingly, every home, every school, and every church and civic

<sup>2</sup>Carl Van Doren and Carl Cramer, *American Scriptures* (New York, Gaer Associates).

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>4</sup>*Ibid.*



group should be an example of living democracy.

But to make them so will be costly in time and effort. Parents will find it is no easy thing to have a really democratic family life. It will mean taking time to explain to the younger ones what the issues of family life are. The mealtime will be often a council meeting in which common problems will be attacked by all in the interest of all. The young and inexperienced will have a voice in the discussion. This method is infinitely more difficult than having the head of the family hand down arbitrary decisions to be unquestionably obeyed. But it is the only way we can practice democracy in the family.

The same principle applies to our church and civic groups. One often hears the lament that "just a few have to do all the work." But do they have to? Could it be that these few really enjoy keeping the positions of leadership, even while complaining of the responsibility? We might try giving more people responsibility and see if we do not develop more leaders.

**BUT IF WE** would keep our democracy vitally operative we must learn "followership" as well as leadership. "It is amazing how much can be accomplished if no one cares who gets the credit." In time of war the "little people" are praised for the important role they play in keeping up production and morale. But they are often forgotten in time of peace. Gratifying it is to read (as one might have a few months ago) of a little group of women in a small southern community who won a national prize for the improvement of their village. Surely this wasn't achieved by one or two people but with the cooperation (in Kipling's phrase) "of every bloomin' soul."

One of the most remarkable summaries of real democracy is found in a quotation from the philosopher Spinoza. He wrote: "For myself I am certain that the good of human life cannot lie in the possession of things which, for one man to possess is for the rest to lose, but rather in things which all may possess alike, and where each man's wealth promotes his neighbor's."

How we need to be alert to these common possessions of ours! How we need to protect our forests, our parks, our schools, our "commonwealth" from exploitation by selfish groups and from disastrous waste! Have you, friend reader, ever heard of the "Eleventh Commandment"? It so beautifully and convincingly states the case for conservation that I should like to quote it here:

"Thou shalt inherit the holy earth as a faithful steward, conserving its resources and productivity from generation to generation. Thou shalt safeguard thy fields from soil erosion, thy living waters from drying up, thy forests from desolation, and protect thy hills from overgrazing by the herds, that thy descendants may have abundance forever. If any shall fail in this stewardship of the land, thy fruitful fields shall become sterile stony ground or wasting gullies, and thy descendants shall decrease and live in poverty or perish from off the face of the earth."<sup>5</sup>

### **God oft hath a great share in a little house**

**George Herbert**

Woodrow Wilson once said, "The commands of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous."<sup>6</sup> One wonders whether we haven't been more eager for the privileges and opportunities than for the "commands." For democracy to be really effective nearly everybody must belong to "the fellowship of the concerned." There must be an immense amount of time, energy, and creative thought spent upon the things that are of interest to all of us. There may have been a time when we could base our code of action upon the idea that if everyone seeks diligently his own welfare, the highest welfare of all will be the result. Perhaps that sort of pattern can work in a rapidly expanding society or

<sup>5</sup>Walter Clay Lowdermilk, *Palestine: Land of Promise* (Harper and Brothers).  
<sup>6</sup>Carl Van Doren and Carl Cramer, *American Scriptures*.

in relative isolation; but we today, for weal or woe, have been thrown together in a complex pattern of life where a disturbance of one part affects us all. There is, therefore, urgent need that all of us widen our area of concern; by so doing we help ourselves as well as others.

A sergeant in Washington's army wrote some words to comfort his men during the trying days through which they were called upon to pass. This sergeant's name was Tom Paine, a name as much maligned as any in our history. These words breathe the conviction that God does not forsake a people that does his will.

"I have as little superstition in me as any man living; but my secret opinion has ever been and still is, that God Almighty will not give up a people to military destruction or leave them unsupportedly to perish, who have so earnestly and so repeatedly sought to avoid the calamities of war by every decent method which wisdom could invent. Neither have I so much of the infidel in me as to suppose that He has relinquished the government of the world."<sup>7</sup>

Quite a testimony for one who was called "a filthy little atheist"!

What, then, does it really mean to be thankful for our traditions of freedom and democracy? It means more than flag waving on national holidays. It means more than serving in the armed forces. It means keeping alert to every possible threat to our freedom. It means voting conscientiously and training our children in citizenship. It means practicing democracy in every group of which we are a member. It means working for the conservation of our natural resources and for the preservation of our liberties. In a word, it means *making a career of being a citizen*. An old shoe cobbler was once asked what he did for a living. He said, "My main job is to serve God; I mend shoes to pay expenses." When we get our patriotism in some such perspective as that we shall know the deeper meaning of being an American.

<sup>7</sup>*Ibid.*





# CHILDREN'S PARTIES are fun

By ROSALIE W. DOSS

Make the cake that you plan to serve to the youngsters at their next party a "Drum Cake." This is just a plain round cake, shaped like a drum, and iced with two or three colors of icing. It is the icing that gives the drum effect, as you can see from the illustration. With the cake, serve ice cream (always popular with smallsters) or glasses of pink lemonade—another juvenile delight! Use your gayest glasses, colored soda straws, and garnish the tall glasses with lemon slices that have been notched to give a party-fied look.

—LOUISE PRICE BELL.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES are a nuisance," I heard the woman ahead of me at the stationery store counter complain as she haphazardly bought an assortment of decorations for her child's birthday party. By the grim expression on her face, I knew that giving her child a party was, indeed, an ordeal for this mother. She was obviously either giving the party to pay off social obligations for parties her child had attended in the past—or because she thought it a duty not to be shirked.

I felt sorry for the woman because she was missing a fascinating and delightful phase of parenthood. As for the child himself, that was another story, but an even more pathetic one. Some of the happiest memories of childhood are of family parties planned together and given with the joy and sentiment that should go into the planning and celebration of such very personal and important affairs. And they are important to the very young. Just watch any child's face light up at the mere mention of a party!

Children's parties do not need elaborate and expensive preparation. All that is needed is family spirit, cooperation, and a plan to work on. The plan would include

1. A motif
2. Invitations
3. Favors
4. Games
5. Refreshments

In fact the planning of a party can be as much fun as the party itself.

At our house we use all sorts of odds and ends to make ingenious and original decorations. Attractive centerpieces are fashioned from crepe paper, ribbon, and colorful flower or bird seals. Paper cups festooned with paper lace doilies and strips of brightly colored cellophane become attractive nut cups. All these are decorations that young and nimble fingers can construct with a little supervision.

Once we made a circus motif for our birthday table out of match boxes, cereal cartons, shoe boxes, and an old hat box. The extra purchase of glue, water colors, and tape did not amount to more than fifty cents, but the hours of preparation and fun the children had working on the miniature ring, animal cut-outs, and match-box cages can never be estimated in mere dollars and cents.



We also make our own invitations for parties. We snip all sorts of designs and shapes from sheets of gay construction paper. For the circus party our invitations were clowns cut from folded pieces of heavy white paper and decorated with crayon. We personalize our invitations by penning them in rhyme. We will never have a poet in our family, but we had never fully appreciated our offspring's imagination and originality until we had gone through several of these rhyming sessions. Each member of the family writes his or her verse and then reads it aloud. The lines voted most appropriate by the majority of the family are the lines that get the honor of making the invitation that is to be sent to the guests.

If prizes are to be given for the various games played at the party, we make them also with the assistance of the children. Our favorite party prizes are beanbags made of brightly colored bits of felt or other heavy material from the family workbasket.

And what about games with which to entertain the young guests? That is an easy question to answer. Children today are not any different from yesteryear's child. I find that the tots in my neighborhood get just as much fun and hilarity out of playing "Drop the Handkerchief" and "Farmer in the Dell" as I did over thirty years ago. We also use the old reliable "Pinning on the Donkey's Tail" and variations of this game. For outdoor competitive games

there are sack races, one-legged races, relays and similar games.

We feel richly rewarded for the time we have spent planning children's parties in our family. Not only have we been able to give our children joy and pleasant childhood memories, but we have helped them to develop a cooperative and friendly spirit. Through these happy party planning sessions we, as parents, have also come to realize what wonderful companions our children can be. As a result children's parties at our house are not a chore, but fun for the entire family!

### Should Your Child Have a Pet?

(From page 21.)

ognition are mighty important to Jimmy, too!

Because your child loves his pet, no matter what the pet may be, he will develop many fine qualities through his association with the animal. He will learn protectiveness, sympathy, tenderness, compassion, unselfishness, selflessness, and kindheartedness. As long as he lives, the memory of the affection that existed between him and that one animal will temper his attitude toward every other helpless being. If your child never knows a pet of his own, somewhere along the path of growing up he may lose many of those gentling qualities, and that would be a great loss to him and to you.

I have never yet known a dog who led his child owner into ways of evil or wrongdoing. On the contrary, because his pet looks up to

him as a faultless, wonderful being, he has standards to live up to that you, with all your good intentions, could perhaps never give him.

**ALL IN ALL**, if your child really wants a pet, I'd say you were wise to grant him one. There is nothing you can substitute, you know. You can buy him the finest bicycle in the whole world, but that won't make him forget that he wants a dog. A bicycle can't bark with joy, or wag its tail in gleeful ecstasy when your child comes home from school. A bicycle doesn't care whether or not he ever comes home!

One word of practical advice. Guide your child's choice of the pet that is to come into your home. If it is to be a dog, remember that a small dog for a small house, and vice versa is a sound rule. Don't attempt to house a dog the size of a pony in a bandbox of a house. In many circumstances where a dog is infeasible as a pet, a cat will do beautifully, and, with proper parental salesmanship, be just as acceptable.

But do give your boys or your girls a pet of some sort, if they want one. There is something that goes deeper than all possible argument of the written word in the relationship of a child with some small member of the animal kingdom. It is a something to which poets and artists of all times have tried to give expression. Whatever it is, it is sound, it is natural, and it is good!







# when room's ENOUGH

By SUSAN C. CHILES

**R**ECENTLY I was the guest in a home where there were four children—the eldest six years of age, the youngest, eight weeks. The home was a modern five-room apartment.

When I first went into the home, I marveled at its orderliness. I began to look about to see the “why and where.” There were no toys lying around, and yet it seemed to me the three older youngsters showed up with new playthings every few days.

The first thing I noticed was that their room was *their* room. They brought little friends there to play, with mother’s consent. The games had to be the quiet kind—no ball throwing or running inside—the court was for that. The room was sixteen by eighteen feet.

The next things I noticed were the strings of cars and other small toys on the rather wide casing over the windows and doors.

“I come in every so often,” the mother explained, “and gather up the engines, wagons, and other toys that are small enough to fit above the doors and windows, take those down that are up there and replace them with some that seem to be neglected. This keeps a variety of toys within their reach. At any time I will get any particular toy that they want—that is at any

*Here is how one young couple's  
clever planning made their small  
home fit a growing family's needs*

time,” she added laughing, “when I am not too busy to be interrupted. They soon learn when to ask.”

On one side of the room was a rather large box with a pretty blue cloth cover; this I found contained all the stuffed dolls and toys. On the other side was a big, substantial, varnished box with a ship painted on it. This held the good, strong, smooth blocks that should be a part of every playroom’s “equipment.”

Around the room, at intervals, were hung on tiny brass hooks, such as we use for small pictures, decorative toys: a handsome stuffed dog, a mandolin, a woolly white bear that had a double in the box.

There was a double-decker bed on one side of the room and a single bed on the other:

“We really need another room

badly,” the mother mourned, “but the apartment suits us so well with just that one exception, that we plan to put a double-decker bed in place of the single one just as soon as the baby leaves her little basket in our room.”

One day there was a birthday; Mother wrote the invitations, and the little three-year-old birthday girl delivered them.

“A nice thing about living in a court is that we can limit our invitations to the three-year-olds in this court and we do not have any trouble picking and choosing,” the wise mother said.

The birthday fell on Saturday, Daddy’s day off. I simply could not understand his saying that he believed it would be best for them to have it in the children’s room.

From the storage basement he brought the white kitchen door, which had been taken off because it



took too much room, pulled the block box under one end and the stuffed animal box under the other for supports—and had a table. A pretty cover, gay paper napkins, a birthday cake in the center, and plenty of ice cream—and there was the party. Not quite all of the party either. The living room was where the little guests were welcomed, where the birthday presents were untied, and where Mother and Daddy helped the small hostess receive—while Brother and Sister helped her untie the mysterious packages.

The shades were all down in the children's room—the only light was from the candles. Finally Daddy had the children line up and march into the children's room. When the cake and cream were gone—then Daddy slipped behind a mysterious-looking curtain in one corner, and as a monkey that fitted Daddy's hand appeared above the curtain and called names

—the child called fished with a tiny rod, hook, and line and drew up his present.

**I** THOUGHT I had seen the limit in the way of utilizing space until one day Daddy announced he was building an eight-by-four table for the track the oldest boy had asked old Santa to bring.

The construction of that table took place in the basement; the nails were the only things actually bought new. It was a rough-looking affair when it was brought into the living room! Frankly I did not see how it could go into the children's room. The next thing I knew, it was in. Before too long it was covered first with corrugated paper and then with linoleum. The green linoleum they wanted was too expensive, so they got a cheaper quality—tan with figures—and Daddy enameled it green. Next the legs were painted black. It was a handsome-looking table. I looked

at the block box under it; it certainly would be a task to draw it out.

Next day Daddy came in with ball-bearing rollers—they were put on the box—and presto—the children could roll the box out with no effort at all. In fact, the box rolled out so easily that next week three smaller boxes, each gaily painted, one blue, one red, one green, were added to the under-the-table equipment.

"I have wanted each of the children to have a place he could call his very own—an individual affair—that is how these boxes will be used. Christmas is coming, and with the additional toys these will be very handy."

I still marvel! This generation can overcome any handicap—even the lack of room! This young couple have worked the problem out so successfully that I thought it might be an inspiration to some other couple who feel the limitations of space.

### Jeannie and the Snowshoes

(From page 26.)

inside. She blinked and looked toward the desk for Doctor Moore. Then she blinked again. There was no one in the swivel chair. There was no one in the room at all!

Jeannie felt a sob in her throat. She had made it. She had come all the way to Doctor Moore's office on snowshoes, when Daddy said she wasn't big enough to manage them; and then Doctor Moore wasn't there. The sob had just come all the way up her throat and was ready to jump out of her mouth, when Jeannie heard the door open.

"Who's this in my office?" boomed a kind voice. "Mrs. Santa Claus?"

The sob turned into a giggle as Jeannie saw her friend, Doctor Moore. She spilled out her story all in one breath. Doctor Moore hurried things into his little black bag. "Come on," he said. "What are we waiting for? You're going to ride in my sleigh, Mrs. Santa. I'd just gone to the stable to get Donner and Blitzen when you came."

That night after Doctor Moore had Mother's ankle all bandaged, and she was resting on the davenport, and Daddy and David heard the whole story, Daddy said, "Well, Jeannie, I guess you've proved that you're big enough to manage snowshoes."

Jeannie was just bringing a bowl of soup to Mother, so she had to walk ever so carefully and set it down before she dared look at Daddy. Then she saw that

his eyes were dancing. She ran to him. "Oh, Daddy, do you mean I can have a pair this winter?"

"I mean you shall have a pair by this time tomorrow," Daddy said, hugging her tight.

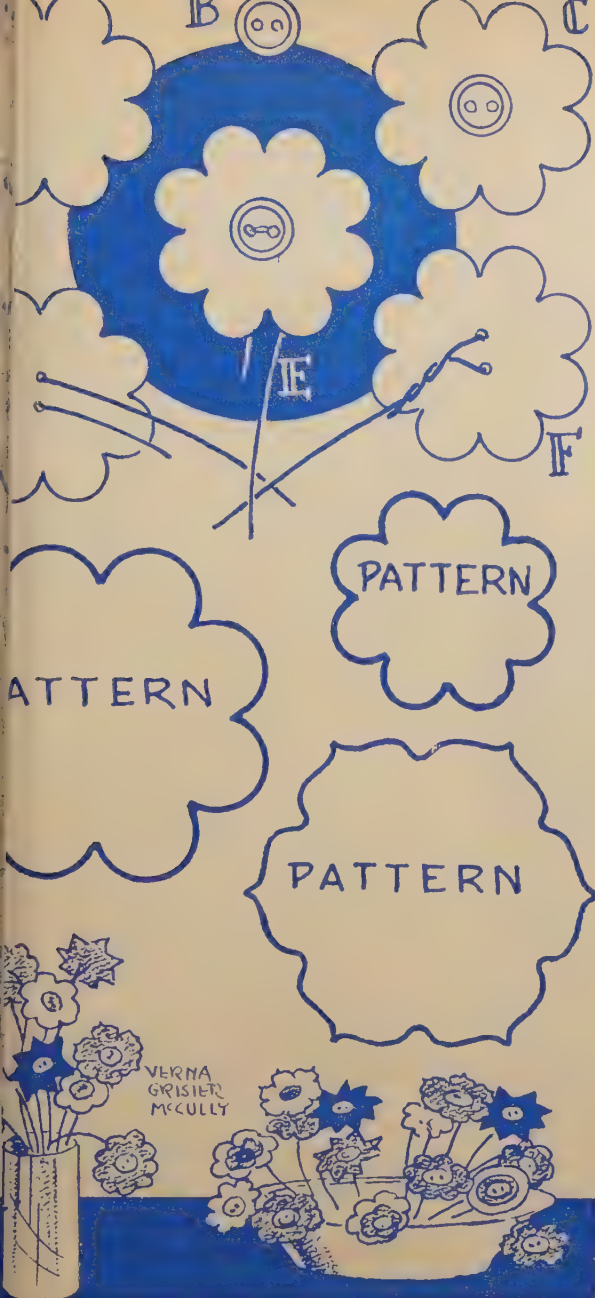


"What worries me is I'm not getting any younger."



# BUTTON

# BOUQUETS



*Button flowers are fun to make.*

*Maybe you would like to make some  
for Mother or someone who is ill*

By **VERNA GRISIER McCULLY**

soft lead pencil. If you have colored your paper with crayons, trace on the side that you did not color. Then cut out the petal shapes. See figure A. You can cut only big sizes. Or you can cut little sizes, too, if you wish.

Put a button in the center of a paper shape. With a large pin, punch two holes in the paper. Punch them where the button's holes are. See figure C.

If you have thin wire, cut a piece eight or ten inches long. If you use wire hairpins, straighten them out. Run the wire, or the hairpin, through the button and the paper shape. See figure D. You will have to bend the wire. One end of it should be longer than the other, as in figure D.

Twist the short wire end around the longer end. See figure F. This will hold the button and the paper together. Turn it over and it will look like figure E. If your wire or hairpin is not long enough, twist another piece on, to make a long stem. You can cover the stem with green wrapping paper or green tissue paper. Cut the paper into strips. Make them about an inch wide. Begin where the flower is, and wind round and round. Wind down the stem. Paste the paper at the bottom, so it will not unwind.

If you use a big and a little paper shape to make a flower, put the little shape in the center of the big one. Then put the button in the center of the little shape. Punch holes through both paper shapes. Stick the wire or hairpin through both shapes, and through the button.

**B**UTTON BOUQUETS are very pretty. They are nice in the winter or any other time when there are not many real flowers. You can make them easily. All you need is some colored paper, some wire, and plain buttons with holes in them. The buttons can be white or colored.

The paper should be heavy wrapping paper or construction paper. Thin cardboard will do, too. If the cardboard or paper is not colored you can paint it with poster paints. Or you can color it with crayons. Do this before you cut out the shapes. If your buttons are not colored, you can paint them with poster paints, too.

The paper shapes can just be circles. To make circles, mark around the bottom of a small tumbler, or a saltcellar that is one and one-half to two inches across. Cut out the circle.

Or you can cut petal shapes like the patterns. Trace these patterns on your colored paper. Use carbon paper. Or blacken the back of the pattern with



# Family Counselors

**Question:** I am not a career girl, just an average intelligent girl twenty years old. I graduated from high school and have worked in an office two years. I have nice friends, am not boy crazy, although I hope some day to meet the right one and marry. Thus far I have fitted into a family program. My parents are average, I would guess middle class, college education, church connections, etc. Somehow I feel too close to my family. I want to live alone either in the city where my parents live or I would like to go to another city. When I mention this my parents blow up. They say I need someone to analyze my mind. Then they point out all the pitfalls which a lonely child in a large city meets. Really I feel they overexaggerate because they want to protect me unduly. I want to do what is right but I also want to live alone just to prove I can do so successfully. A friend of mine who has left home says, "It's almost too good to be true." Please advise me.

**Answer:** The pro's and con's on this subject are great and even the experts on Family Relations do not seem to agree. To give specific advice without knowing you and your family personally would be most unwise. Therefore all we can hope to do is to offer a few suggestions.

Every normal girl hopes to leave, the family fireside for the security of her own home. However, today with many business girls a room or apartment of her own may mean as much happiness and security to her as the girl feels who marries and moves away from her family.

Dorothy  
Faust



Girls who have been taught to accept responsibility and independent growth in a home enveloped in love and individual freedom with proper consideration for the rights of every member will most likely adjust under any circumstances. For she has already learned how to take the consequences of her own mistakes, to know economic values, and assume personal responsibilities. A girl of such caliber, having been free to make her own decisions at home, will continue to counsel on occasion with either her parents or competent sources. For a girl who has led an extremely sheltered life, being a puppet for her family, living alone will either make or break her very quickly. Maturity of such a person will depend more on mentality than chronological age.

Living in a girls' dormitory or sharing a room or apartment with a girl of similar interests can be most stimulating and girls can help one another. From such association can grow enlarged activities of every nature, which become a great blessing. I believe most parents realize that girls' clubs, dormitories or residences are usually very well supervised. Remember that your friends are not the same as your family. God did not intend that we live alone. Neither

did he intend that we be stifled and smothered by selfish parents. Companionship and compatibility are everything. If we put God first and either family or friends second, it won't matter too much whether we live at home or elsewhere. God's will for his children is that they have harmony, peace and security. God will not withhold, but we lay the barriers and do not accept that which is offered.

Please, before you decide one way or the other, carefully ask yourself what results you expect and why. See yourself as you really are first. Then the right decision will no longer be difficult.

**The mother was briefing her young daughter, who was about to return a little friend's call.**

**"If they ask you to stay for dinner," she instructed, "say, 'No thank you, I have dined.'"**

**But at the visit, the friend's father said, "Come along, my dear, and have a bite with us,"**

**"No thank you," the little guest replied. "I have bitten."**

*—Minnesota Journal of Education.*

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

**"No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon." (Matthew 6:24)**

### The Words

|              |             |
|--------------|-------------|
| A. Evergreen | L. Moo      |
| B. Needle    | M. Nonsense |
| C. Whoa      | N. Veteran  |
| D. Throttle  | O. Sham     |
| E. Athlete   | P. Thrash   |
| F. Reverence | Q. Stint    |
| G. Fool      | R. Hotel    |
| H. Chant     | S. London   |
| I. Homely    | T. Diadem   |
| J. Meadow    | U. Shirt    |
| K. Whoopee   | V. Said     |



## World Friendship at Home

(From page 5.)

The revival of "oldies" is a gracious thing. It brings back memories for the parents while it comes as fresh inspiration to the youngsters. The gap between the generations is bridged when both wiggle their toes to Al Jolson records. *Ann of Ava* is in the same class. It is a revelation to any teen-ager to find a woman of the past century, living amid mad adventures in Burma and displaying a "bobby sox" spirit in spite of impossible clothes. Good old Ann—she can bridge three generations.

Of course, Carol Jeanne is like other junior highs, sloppy in appearance, devoted to certain radio and TV programs and slightly daft over movie stars. But why not? We will stack good music and good reading against the current froth and watch her judgment mature. (Or should we shoot her?)

We really are a family—not just individuals. Just do the dishes for Carol Jeanne and she will gladly read to Mary and Ruth, with Billy pretending not to listen. But wait till Mother starts beating out "Fat Baby Sister" or "Congo Lullaby." All come running to make music around the piano from our new treasured music book *The Whole World Singing*. It seems to fit every occasion and family mood.

Perhaps there are less than four children in your family. In that case your outlay for Friendship Press books will be modest. But if you had four and lots of books—think of the fun!

This article can't do anything about the size of your family but it can pass on a good tip. Get a wonderful source of Christian books tailored to the needs and likes of you and your children by dropping a post card to United Christian Missionary Society, 222 S. Downey Ave., Indianapolis 7, Ind., requesting a free copy of the Friendship Press catalog of children's books.

## Books Are Like Friends

(From page 30.)

fail him, the wise man looks to the sure companionship of books" is yet very sound.

During World War I, many a young wife, stranded in a new town or isolated spot, found wonderful companionship in books. Many young women who had not been subjected to book-saturated homes as youngsters found it more difficult to adjust themselves happily to lonely regions and locales which offered few or no kindred spirits. For to those who read and love books, the volumes are indeed friends. . . . friends of almost any type that one cares to choose . . . satisfactory companions in every way.

### Setting-Up Exercise for a New Book, or How to Open a New Book

1. Lay book upon table.
2. Open the front cover and run forefinger along inside "hinge."
3. Open the back cover and do the same.
4. Repeat with a few pages at the front, then at back.

5. Continue this way until you reach the center.

6. Press firmly but gently down.

Your book has now been "broken in" and the pages will turn easily. If any pages are uncut, carefully press the fold down, then slit slowly and carefully with a very sharp knife or letter opener.

Remember—

A paper jacket on your book

Will make it have a well-groomed look.

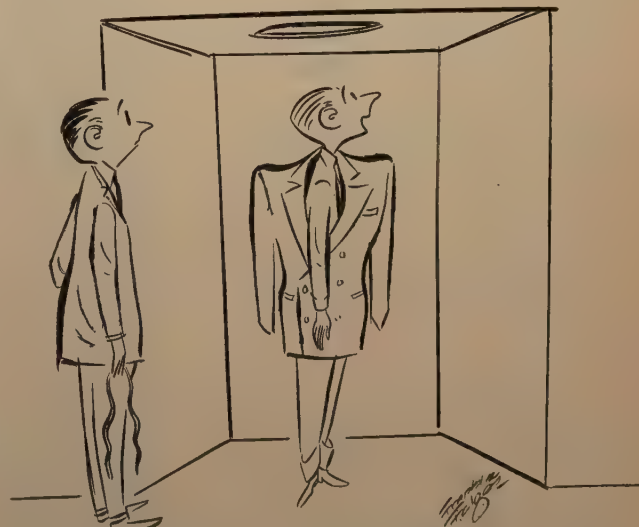
## Are They Learning to Pray?

(From page 2.)

thought and closing prayer for each day. Much can be learned from the use of such material and great progress can be made toward developing your own ideas for your family meditation. Again, it is helpful to use objects which can be seen—for instance: an open Bible, the cross, good literature, a picture of Jesus, flowers, and the like. If we begin by thinking of those things we see we will find ourselves thinking of those things we do not see but which are so definitely a part of us: good friends, fellowship, a community in which we need have no fear, our country, the sacrifice of our forefathers to make freedom possible, the hills, the sky, moonlight nights, the stars, rain for growing things, rivers, the spirit of Christ in our lives, the church, youth groups, the opportunities and experiences of the day—all these are given to us by God. Some are so common with us we forget they are gifts from God.

Some parents, realizing the value of personal meditation, have provided a room in their home for this purpose.

When God enters our life and we learn to commune personally with him we experience our most satisfying moments. You will know your topmost thrill as you engage in prayer and hear Mary and Joe praying their own prayers. The home and church working together can teach them to pray. "The family that prays together stays together," is a truism in the highest sense.



"Boy! That's what I call a suit!"





## Books for the Hearth Side

**Monk in Armour** by Gladys H. Barr (published by Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, 256 pages, price \$3.00) is the story of the "great Oak of Saxony" Martin Luther. It is not a biography but a novel, an absorbingly interesting one, which will appeal to all readers and is especially valuable for young people. Mrs. Barr makes no attempt to deal with the theological issues which gather around the beginnings of the Reformation. Her purpose is to tell the story of a very human young monk as he struggles to square his loyalty and love for the church with his growing convictions about the will and purposes of God. The whole portrait of Luther is not here but the detail that is lifted out for emphasis should lead to a desire to know more about this lowly monk who dared to defy the most powerful figure of his day, the pope at Rome.

Are you looking for more party suggestions? Then **Gay Parties for All Occasions**, by E. O. Harbin (Abingdon-Cokesbury, Nashville, publishers, 351 pages, price \$2.95) will provide you with abundant plans for over seventy different parties which you can give with a minimum of effort and expense. In addition more than two hundred other games are described, many of which are new, at least to this reviewer. Especially interesting and valuable to families is the first chapter "Family Night Parties." It offers suggestions for Family Night meetings at the church or for family nights at home. Indeed most of the games suggested can be used by the family with some adaptation.

Those interested in and concerned with our future generation will find new insights in **These Are Your Children** by Jenkins, Shafter and Bauer (Scott, Foresman & Co., 192 pages, \$3.50.) The authors, all parents as well as authorities on child development, give help in understanding, guiding and enjoying the children one knows. The front and back end papers chart the physical development, characteristic reactions, and special needs of children from infancy to adolescence. This chart is excellent as is the content. A chapter is devoted to each age from the five-year-old to the adolescent. They discuss the changes in a child's interests and hobbies, as well as in physical and mental growth. The book includes a sensible, natural approach to sex education. The two hundred photographs are worth the price of the book. Parents will find this a helpful, optimistic, and a commonsense approach to child care, training, and development.

You may not consider a tramp and a skunk as desirable companions, even in a book, for your family. But when you meet them in **Smoke Above the Lane**, by Meindert DeJong (Harper and Brothers, \$1.75) you will change your mind. They are perfectly delightful characters, good for each other and for anyone who reads about them. Part of their charm is in the author's use of words and his writing style, and part is in Girard Goodenow's delightful sketches. Wait

until you see the little skunk, holding up traffic, including a street car, and you will see what we mean. But it is really a story of an understanding friendship.

H. A. L.

If you think you have problems with your children you should read, **The 13th Is Magic**, by Joan Howard (Lothrop Lee & Shepard, \$2.50). The things that can happen on the thirteen of each month, and the mystery of the thirteenth floor hidden between the twelfth and fourteenth of an apartment building, and not even supposed to be there, will make your life seem simple in comparison. The cat Merlin is part of the magic and you will be amazed at all the other people who appear and disappear as the story progresses. It all happens in New York City, but boys and girls seven to ten will enjoy it no matter where they live.

H. A. L.

A family of four children and a mother who is a writer face a world of problems including an old cart horse and too little money, and a castle they inherit from a previously unknown relative, in Margaret J. Baker's **A Castle and Sixpence** (Longman-Green and Co., \$2.50). It is a good book for family reading for it is full of loyalty and ingenuity as well as mystery and excitement.

H. A. L.

Parents of children eight to twelve years of age are often overwhelmed with the questions directed to them concerning the miracle of life and the workings of the human body. Of course, questions occur before and after the years of eight through twelve, but most of them seem to come at this time. **From Little Acorns** by Frances W. Butterfield (Renbale House, 159 pages, \$2.50) is the story of the human body written for children of this age. It is written in the form of an adventure story, which makes it very interesting reading. The illustrations which the members of the family use in explaining such things as metabolism to the children help to give a clear and understandable picture of the workings of the body. Parents will want to read it themselves; it will help them answer the questions which confront them. When the child is ready for the book, he will enjoy reading it himself. This is a book which can be used very effectively by parents and children together. It is not designed to relieve parents of the obligation and responsibility of discussing these vital questions with their children.

The Rand McNally Book-Elf Books are perfectly charming. Four new ones came to this editor's desk recently. **Amos Learns to Talk** is the story of a little duck who thought he was tired of hearing "quack-quack" and certainly he did not want to say such a thing himself. He had some interesting and exciting experiences before he decided "quack-quack" is a wonderful way to talk. **Hiawatha** is the simplified story form of Longfellow's famous poem. Small bits of the poem are used from time to time. It is beautifully done. **The Three Bears Visit Goldilocks** reverses the familiar story of the three bears. This will probably delight young children. **Cowboy Eddie** tells of some of the experiences of young Eddie on his father's new ranch. All of these books are excellent for young children. The illustrations are beautiful and bright. The stories are interesting and appealing. These are certainly good buys for only 25c each.

A Big Golden Book which will delight the very youngest child is **The Great Big Car and Truck Book** (Simon & Schuster, \$1.00). Almost every kind of car and truck familiar to young children is pictured in this book. The pictures are large and colorful.

The many well loved poems for children by Robert Louis Stevenson appear in a new edition of **A Child's Garden of Verses** (Simon & Schuster, 80 pages, \$1.50). The illustrations by Alice and Martin Provensen are colorful and in the style of a child's own drawings.



## Will Our Children Forget How to Read?

(From page 19.)

may read the narrative and each of the others read the speeches of one character. Many Bible stories lend themselves to oral reading—for instance the story in Luke with the angel speaker, the angelic chorus, and the speech of the shepherds. Reading aloud from an interesting book is now being done quite successfully in some of the public libraries. One of the New York City branches reports that the same children, and additional children, are coming each week, held spell-bound by the reading aloud in serial form of a whole book.

Most important of all, parents can start a good library for their child, housed on shelves in his own room. Book lists are published in magazines for parents, and children's librarians are always ready to give information. Of special help are the library's lists of good moderately priced editions of the old favorites which come in many editions, all the way from poorly made condensed versions, which miss the original charm of the story, to expensive gift editions. They can also give pointers about the kind of binding that will stand much rereading, and the paper that will not be hard on the child's eyes. Do not be afraid to spend money for a good book. Angelo Patri, in a recent article, warns parents against thinking that a book costs more than a movie and therefore not buying books. He reminds us that a book can be enjoyed over several years of movies, and is a better investment in the end.

Many of you have been thrilled by the story of Dr. Frank Laubach's work in recent years, as he has invented simple alphabets for people who had no written language before—so simple that they began reading after a few lessons. In our own country Moonlight Schools for adults in the southern mountains have made us proud of the growing literacy among them. What shall we do among our own children to preserve and enlarge the ability to read?

## Family Fun

(From page 29.)

for the meeting place with the right contestants must go on, with the timekeeper carefully making note of the length of time the hunt lasts. The Indian and Pilgrim who are first to exchange greetings, are proclaimed winners. This game can go on for some time if four different people play each time, and the winning pair from each four contestants is finally paired with the other winners.

**Pumpkin Patch.** Divide the company into groups of equal size. At one end of the room place a large box in which are a number of pumpkins of different sizes. The groups, or teams, line up at the opposite ends of the room behind a starting line. A judge is appointed. At a given signal, the first contestant in each line races forward to the other end of the room and counts the pumpkins in the box. He whispers to the judge the number of pumpkins he thinks there are, and if the number is correct the judge nods, whereupon the contestant runs back to touch off the next runner in his line, who repeats the performance, and so on until all have run. The team whose last runner is first to give the judge the correct number, wins. Anyone making a mistake in the number of pumpkins in the box, must go back and recount, which, of course, holds back his team, but as several in their hurry are almost sure to miscount, the race will prove most exciting.

**A New Bobbing Game** is played with big red apples. No water is employed. The players form a circle, in the center of which are placed one less apples than there are players. All march around while lively music is being played, but on the instant the music stops the marchers all bob for apples. The player left without one drops out of the ring. One apple is taken out of the center and the play continues until only one player is left, who receives the award. The game is fun but better wear a football head guard.

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## Curtains of Flame

(From page 13.)

the top of the fence posts and trees and hillsides to make it look as if the sun were shining brightly. Miss Summers went on with the lesson when he did not turn from the picture. He kept filling in more color and smoothing the lines together, but something was missing from the picture. He heard the words, "An ungodly man diggeth up evil: in his lips there is a burning fire."

Why, that was what he needed, red the color of fire, to make the picture complete. He took the very tip of his crayon and made bright red curtains at the windows of the log cabin, then he repeated the color in flowers around the doorstep. He turned and faced the class. It was the best picture he had ever painted, he knew that the minute he saw their faces. Miss Summers stopped reading and smiled at him.

"That is wonderful, Frankie. Can you tell what the picture means?"

He swallowed before answering. It was harder to talk than to paint.

"It's just—well, it's just my home. Like it said in Proverbs, I'd rather live there and be humble and lowly than—" He was blushing almost as red as the curtains.

Miss Summers finished for him, "'Than divide your spoil with the proud?'"

He nodded and hurried to his seat. Miss Summers went on explaining to the class what it meant to be humble and how good it was to live in the kind of peace that was as beautiful as that picture Frankie had drawn.

After the class was over he took the picture from the wall and rolled it carefully. Miss Summers found him a ride home in a car with the Fletchers, who lived beyond Willow Valley. He sat alone in the back seat and thought about his picture, and how something had told his hand just how to draw everything.

At home the place looked just the same. He had a feeling of letdown as he entered the front door. The room was still neat and clean, for the girls were never allowed to play there on Sundays. He stood looking around at the brown walls and tan ceiling—even the curtains were a shade of tan. The rug was colorless, too, a mangle of dead green and gray and blue. He had not quite known why he took the picture from the church wall, but now he knew. He held it between the two front windows and it exactly fitted the big vacant space. He went to the desk drawer and got four thumbtacks. It needed a frame, but it gave color and warmth to the room—maybe his mom would be angry and pull it down from the wall and throw it in the fire, but he'd try anyway.

From the kitchen his mother called, "Dinner's ready!" so he hurried to the washstand to get ready.

Later, when their good meal of fried chicken and mashed potatoes and lemon

pie was finished and he had dried dishes, they all went into the front room. The girls saw the picture and ran toward it.

"Where did you get it?" Annie cried.

"You didn't do that, Frankie!" Bernice fairly shouted.

"You girls keep your hands off," Mom said. "It'll get on your clean dresses." Frank saw her looking at it closely. "I didn't know you could make such nice pictures," she said. "I can see it's this house."

"When Uncle Winfield and Aunt Neva lived here," Frank said.

His mother gave him a quick look, but she didn't say anything. She picked up a book, but she wasn't reading it, he was sure, because she forgot to turn the pages.

**It is the peculiarity of knowledge that those who thirst for it always get it.**

**Richard Jefferies**

On Monday he went to the field early and chopped weeds around the corn that the cultivator wouldn't reach. It was a warm job, but it made him feel good to know he was doing something that would make the place look better, whether they would be there long or not. Before supper he went into the living room to get a magazine to read a few minutes while he rested. Something was different. He looked for his picture. It was still there, but the curtains were gone!

"Mom!" he shouted. "What happened to the curtains?"

She called back, "Don't you know—today's washday."

Oh, sure, he should have guessed that. But he felt let down, just the same. He went back to the kitchen where his mother was at the stove turning the fried potatoes. Somehow her face looked different, not so drawn. She looked younger. Why, she had on her pink dress with the green checks that Dad had bought for her birthday but she hadn't ever worn that he could remember. "Mom, you look swell," he said.

She looked at him and her eyes were much softer. "Thanks, Son. I thought some of the neighbors might drop in."

"You didn't go anywhere, did you? I mean to Riely's to use their phone, or anything?" He hated asking, but he had to know.

She shook her head and started to answer, but just then Annie came running and screaming from the yard. "Daddy! Daddy!"

Frankie ran for the window as if he had been shot from a gun. But the car was going by. It was a green roadster,

and even at a distance it did look a great deal like their old car. But it just couldn't be his father. He went out the back door and began chopping wood as hard as his ax would go.

Things weren't any better next day. He worked three more days in the corn—it was better than being around the house. Thursday night when he went in after the chores he found a short letter open on his plate. He read:

Dear Ones:

This is to let you know I have found a good job at last. I sell farm machinery to the farmers in this whole county. If I have good luck I can send more money next month. I passed by your house on my way back from a trip down your way. It looked to me as if things were better without me, so I didn't stop.

Yours,  
Dad

Frankie looked across at his mother dishing out beans into Annie's plate. He had never found it so hard to hold back his angry words. Couldn't she do something to make Dad stop next time he went by? Frankie clutched his hands together under the table. Why, he would give a hundred dollars just to hear his dad's voice! He got up and went to the window. They were still bare of curtains, but there were no green cars going by. There wasn't any way of getting his dad to come back, not unless Mom made the first move. It was beginning to look as if this were the way she wanted it. She looked quite cheerful sitting at the table in her pretty pink and green dress that she hadn't worn for him. Maybe the idea of getting the money from him had made her happier.

"Frankie," she called to him, "come eat your supper. Oh, yes, and before I forget to tell you, I'm going to town tomorrow afternoon with the Duncans. We walked over to their house this afternoon and asked if we could go. I'll take the girls and you can keep a lookout around the house."

He worked on the fence next day. He could see every car that went by, but they all seemed to be black or red or blue. When his hunger pains got so bad he couldn't wait any longer he went home for lunch. His mother was ironing. "You got here just in time," she said. "In another two minutes we'd have eaten without you."

Suddenly he saw his mother's hands. They were stained with red as if she had been canning cherries. "What you been canning, Mom?" he demanded. "I didn't know we had any fruit."

"It's just dye," she explained "I got it in town yesterday."

"Oh, I see." He went out and soaped his hands at the washstand. His mother was doing lots of things like that since Dad was gone. And the meals were better, too. For dessert he saw there was a big chocolate cake and yellow home-canned peaches, one of Dad's favorite dishes. He couldn't enjoy it much, but he did remember to do what



Dad used to do. He said, "That was a good supper, Mom."

She looked at him for a minute before she answered, "Thanks, Son."

After lunch he didn't want to go back to the south pasture to fix the fence. The woodpile was looking pretty slim, so he got the big crosscut saw and worked it alone until he had two round chunks sawed off, then he split each section into smaller pieces. He looked toward the house, where he could see the east window of the living room, and he could see his mother standing there with her arms up. It looked as if she were beckoning to him. He started to run toward the house. Then he fell back to work. She was only putting up curtains—of course she would get them back up before Sunday.

The next time he looked he almost dropped his ax on his foot. Why the curtains were bright red, like streaks of sunset or flames of a campfire!

*Oh, Mom, you understand, now that Dad's gone and it's too late.* He wanted to put down his ax and just go to the barn and cover his head up with straw, but he couldn't, he had to chop enough

wood to cook Sunday meals. A car went by, but it was a black one. He had looked at cars until his neck ached. He just wouldn't even look up the next time one passed.

He went back and worked at the woodpile until the sun began to streak the

**There is nothing so pathetic  
as a forgetful liar.**

**F. M. Knowles**

west and the shadows got longer. This was the time he liked best—but his dad used to like it, too. . . . A car was coming around the side hill. He could hear it going slower than most of them went, but he wouldn't look up; he didn't want to be hurt again.

Then he heard it stop. Yes, there was no mistaking the sound of their old car. He threw down his ax and ran! Up the back steps. Through the kitchen.

Dad was just coming into the living room and Mom was standing there look-

ing at him with her face soft and glowing. She had on the pink dress. Dad was holding his hat, grinning out of one side of his mouth.

"I—was just going past," he said. "I saw all this red and thought maybe the house was on fire—thought I'd better stop. . . ."

Mom's laugh rang out, just like it used to. That was all Frankie needed to hear. He turned and slipped out the back door. He would come back in a minute with an armload of wood and pretend he hadn't heard the car stop.

He looked up toward the streaks of fire in the sky and wondered if any other boy had ever been so happy. He had shown his mother about the curtains without a word and he had managed to keep his words the way it said, *pleasant as a honeycomb*. But his mother had been showing him, too, showing him how she loved him.

The apple turnover he had eaten on the way to Sunday school. He should have known when he ate that. Maybe he was pretty slow to see. Maybe the whole world was slow. But someday everybody would catch on.

## **When Daughter Dates at Home**

*(From page 17.)*

you are indeed fortunate. If not, I would advise you to fix a few cosy corners here and there in the house to which you and the rest of the family can retire, such as a reading and sewing corner in your own room for Mother and Dad, a corner in the basement where ten-year-old Bob and Dad can have a train or a work bench or the equipment for whatever other hobby they share. A father-son night at the local movie is another solution.

**Y**OUNG CHILDREN are somewhat easier to manage. If Dad takes the responsibility of Junior, Mother can easily see to it that the younger children are properly settled for the night. Small sisters and brothers are definitely a drawback to dating girls, and we should keep them out of the way.

Of course, both Mother and Dad should meet their daughter's dates. The boys in most cases want to meet a girl's parents. Keep in mind the fact that the first time a boy calls on a girl, he is probably as uneasy as you are. Be cordial, but don't overdo it; Jim has come to see Sue, not you. Dad should neither settle down in his easy-chair for the evening to discuss his favorite baseball team or his political views, nor should he be entering into a detailed investigation of Jim's aims in life and his prospects. Teen-agers resent being quizzed. Besides, the boy is only dating your daughter.

It is difficult to determine the age at which a girl should start dating. The ideal way, of course, is to

have boys and girls grow up together, accepting one another at all stages of development as playmates and companions. But such a situation is not always possible. Generally speaking, girls are about two years ahead of boys in their development, and hence are interested in boys before the boys are conscious of them. As a result they are ready for dating sooner and in the early years of adolescence are likely to be more aggressive.

The proper time then for a girl to start dating is when she really enjoys the companionship of a boy. She should not be forced into dating because her friends are going out, nor should the local mores dictate the time. In some communities there is altogether too much social pressure on youngsters.

The frequency with which a girl should date is another problem that vexes parents. The answer again depends upon a girl's social inclinations. The goal of most high school girls, and boys too, is to have plenty of dates; yet according to statistics, only fifteen to twenty per cent achieve this aim.

Today we realize that dating is important to the development of a normal social life and to the wise choice of a marriage partner. In most communities an effort is being made to bring teen-agers together through church, school, and youth centers. So do not curb your daughter's dating activities. Control them, yes, in the light of her health, her school work, her other interests. Be sure that she is equipped with the necessary information to make dating safe and that the boys she dates are reliable. Encourage dates at home, but welcome those that take her into new situations too.



## You Teach as You Talk

(From page 10.)

he should not go to sleep without experiencing the loving forgiveness of his parents. There should be plenty of time for a quiet talk about the difficulty and the desirability of not having a repetition, but parents should make it plain that they still love their child and forgive him. Once in awhile the parent may be at fault without knowledge that his child harbors resentment until some complaint is voiced. Every parent should be big enough to admit his fault and be reconciled with his child. Through a frank facing of the points at issue, parents and children can develop mutual confidence and respect together with a greater appreciation of Christian love.

### Learning While Helping

"What are you doing, Mother?" said a boy of junior age as he came in from school. "Oh, just polishing the furniture," explained his mother. "May I do it too?" he asked. "No, you don't know how. Why don't you run out and play?" Here was a golden opportunity which a busy mother missed. To

be sure, she may have been working on a piece which required definite skill, but she could have taken more time to explain her reasons for not allowing him to help. It might have been wise for her to tell him that she could do that particular piece of furniture more skillfully, but she could have given him a dust cloth and asked him to dust another article and allowed him the chance to learn. Their conversation during the process of working together might have been used to good advantage.

One of the fundamental needs in society is the ability to cooperate; this lesson can be taught successfully in the home. Children at the adolescent stage can be instructed in this art if parents will make plans to have them work on cooperative projects and converse with them during the activity.

What you talk about may be trivial and relatively unimportant at times, but there are many golden opportunities for developing worth-while character traits when the members of a family learn the art of conversation. No one should be made to feel "out of the conversation." A democratic sharing of all points of view is the Christian way.

## BIBLEGRAM

By Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The black squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, the filled pattern will contain a selected quotation from the Bible.

|   |                            |
|---|----------------------------|
| A. Tree that remains green in all seasons -----                 | 10 54 31 65 119 63 13 58 5 |
| B. Sewing implement ----  | 47 87 115 79 37 62         |
| C. Command to a horse to stand still -----                      | 72 103 129 126             |
| D. To choke or strangle --                                      | 14 30 11 25 41 60 52 48    |
| E. One skilled in sports --                                     | 88 56 76 75 27 80 84       |
| F. Profound respect -----                                       | 22 34 12 66 26 92 1 6 21   |
| G. Simpleton -----  | 24 120 112 74              |
| H. To sing or warble ----                                       | 108 83 40 110 113          |
| I. Plain; not pretty ----                                       | 70 64 17 71 67 106         |
| J. Grassland -----  | 3 42 49 90 85 35           |
| K. Exclamation of delight                                       | 15 99 2 16 94 69 118       |
| L. To low, as a cow -----                                       | 125 81 101                 |
| M. Senseless action or behavior -----                           | 8 46 50 9 45 86 19 55      |
| N. One long experienced, particularly in military service ----- | 117 97 20 104 32 4 130     |

|     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|
| 1   | 2   |     | 3   | 4   | 5   |     | 6   | 7   | 8   |     | 9   | 10  |
| 11  | 12  | 13  |     | 14  | 15  | 16  |     | 17  | 18  | 19  | 20  | 21  |
| 22  | 23  |     | 24  | 25  | 26  |     | 27  | 28  | 29  | 30  | 31  | 32  |
|     | 33  | 34  |     | 35  | 36  | 37  | 38  |     | 39  | 40  | 41  | 42  |
|     | 43  | 44  | 45  |     | 46  | 47  | 48  |     | 49  | 50  | 51  |     |
| 52  | 53  | 54  | 55  |     | 56  | 57  | 58  |     | 59  | 60  | 61  | 62  |
| 63  |     | 64  | 65  |     | 66  | 67  | 68  | 69  |     | 70  | 71  |     |
| 72  | 73  | 74  | 75  |     | 76  | 77  | 78  | 79  |     | 80  | 81  |     |
| 82  | 83  | 84  |     | 85  | 86  | 87  |     | 88  | 89  | 90  |     | 91  |
| 92  | 93  | 94  | 95  | 96  | 97  |     | 98  | 99  | 100 |     | 101 | 102 |
| 103 | 104 | 105 |     | 106 | 107 |     | 108 | 109 | 110 | 111 | 112 | 113 |
|     | 114 | 115 | 116 | 117 | 118 |     | 119 | 120 | 121 |     | 122 | 123 |
| 124 |     | 125 | 126 | 127 | 128 | 129 | 130 |     |     |     |     |     |

(Solution on page 40.)

|                             |                      |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| O. Imitation or counterfeit | 93 57 109 127        |
| P. To beat or flog -----    | 29 39 105 7 23 61    |
| Q. To be sparing or frugal  | 96 82 36 111 98      |
| R. Inn, or lodging house    | 33 59 43 100 78      |
| S. England's capital ----   | 38 53 89 51 77 123   |
| T. Crown -----              | 121 28 18 91 107 128 |
| U. Man's upper garment--    | 68 44 73 116 102     |
| V. Uttered -----            | 114 122 95 124       |



# STUDY GUIDE

## on "You Teach as You Talk"

### I. Report on the article

1. Brief review of the study article by a member of the group.

1) Radio and television programs are not conducive to worth-while conversations unless carefully evaluated. 2) One of the most opportune times for worth-while conversations is at the dinner table. 3) Little children should receive courteous and helpful answers to their problems. 4) Children and young people will respond readily to conversations which are stimulated by an appreciation of the world of Nature. 5) Children's bedtime should be happy and informative. 6) A splendid opportunity for instruction is offered when children work at common tasks with their parents.

### II. Guiding principles suggested for different age groups

#### 1. For Children

1) Children's questions often to an adult may seem trivial. To treat them as trivial or too involved for immediate answer may destroy the confidence of the child in the adult. Children must be respected as individuals and an honest attempt made to find answers to their problems. 2) Much misinformation can be corrected through informal conversations. 3) Parents and teachers should remember that while conversations are important they can be nullified by the example which an adult sets for the child.

#### 2. For Adolescents

1) During the adolescent period many children make their decision to be Christians. It is a period of rapid physical growth and emotional stress. Steadiness and dependability should be characteristics of those who would be of help to children in this age group. 2) Adults must never forget that they may often initiate the subject matter of conversation and the direction it will take. This may imply a careful study of the interests and habits of adolescents. 3) The adolescent should be encouraged to think of the role of the church in the community as well as in personal life. Guidance at this level of growth may well insure the continued loyalty of a young person for the rest of his life.

#### 3. For Young People.

1) Conversations above love, courtship, and marriage will be of paramount importance to young people. Mutual confidence between parents and young

### When Children Come with You

Plan to have a leader who may:

**Conduct a Story Hour.** Stories of Thanksgiving may be found in the primary and junior story papers and in books such as *Another Story Shop* by Mary C. Odell secured from the public library, the school or church library.

**Guide in Making Articles.** Favors and place cards for the Thanksgiving table may be made. Suggestions are given in such books as *Holiday Craft and Fun* by Joseph Leeming. Sometimes suggestions are included in the primary and junior story papers.

**Direct Games.** Games appropriate for all ages and for both large and small groups are included in the book *Games for Boys and Girls* by E. O. Harbin. Other books of games may be borrowed from the public library.

people is desirable. Good-natured "kidding" about boy or girl friends is not always helpful. 2) The importance of cooperation in the use of radio, television, the automobile, and the living room can be emphasized in parental conversations. A proper respect for the rights of all members of the family should be discussed with frankness and fairness. 3) A growing sense of independence characterizes this period of development. Parents and teachers should foster this development, but temper it with a thoughtful evaluation of the need for responsibility.

### III. General Discussion

1. Radio and television programs can be utilized to stimulate worth-while family discussions. What type of programs

would you consider desirable for this purpose?

2. What are some practices which work against the development of worth-while conversations in the home?

3. Suppose a boy or girl is reticent and shy about taking part in a conversation. How should a wise parent or teacher go about the task of helping to dispel this reticence or shyness?

4. What are some questions which a youth might ask concerning the nature of the world when he views the destructiveness of wind, fire, disease or flood? Have members of the group endeavor to answer these questions.

5. What are the basic truths of the Christian religion which should be taught to children and young people?

6. If a child or young person should ask, "What is the value of prayer?" how could you answer his question?

7. How much of a child or young person's time should be given to tasks within the home?

### IV. Adaptations for illustrations of the value of conversation which are not included in the article itself.

1. Adults should make their own conversations times of refreshment and spiritual stimulation.

2. Campers know the value of shared thoughts around a crackling fire in the open. Church groups can make these possible with wise planning.

3. Conversations can be fostered by inviting guests into the home who will broaden one's knowledge.

### V. Additional Resources

Beaven, Albert W. *Fireside Talks for the Family Circle*. Judson Press

Hayward, Percy R. and Myrtle H. *The Home and Christian Living*. Westminster Press

Powell, Marie Cole. *Guiding the Experience of Worship*. Methodist Book Concern

Powell, Wilfred E. *The Growth of Christian Personality*. Bethany Press.

Sweet, Herman J. *Opening the Door for God*. Westminster Press.

By PAUL M. HUMPHREYS





# Over the Back Fence

## **Thanksgiving Is a Prayer**

There are many ways to think of Thanksgiving. It is a national holiday, a day for feasting, the day of the traditional football game with "our dearest enemy," the day for a trip "back home," or a day for indulgence in many activities that harm and hurt.

Christian homes, however, will not lose sight of the fact that, more than all these, Thanksgiving Day is a Day of Prayer. That was its first great intention when inaugurated in the bleak and bitter days of the first year of the Pilgrims in New England. In nearly every community of our land opportunity will be given to celebrate this first purpose of the day, "Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good." Even if your family finds it *really* impossible to join your fellows in corporate worship of thanksgiving on that day, some time should be set aside for quiet gratitude expressed to the Giver of all things.

There is a real sense, however, in which thanksgiving in itself is a prayer. There may be more of the real spirit of prayer in a heartfelt spontaneous expression like, "Oh, what a beautiful morning," than in the longest formal prayer in worship. We might well paraphrase a famous line of poetry thus,

"Prayer is the soul's sincere gratitude, unuttered or expressed."

We all need to cultivate that constant spirit of genuine thanksgiving.

## **Test Your Television by These**

Do you just turn your TV set on and let it run regardless? If you do, you probably would not dream of feeding your family by the same method. Even the poorest meal-planners are not entirely haphazard in putting a meal together. But probably all too many parents are less concerned as to what goes into

the minds of their children than what goes into their stomachs.

Can the programs your family sees pass these simple tests?<sup>1</sup>

*Portrayal of good taste and character*

*Respect for law and order*

*Good writing, acting, and directing*

*Vocabulary at proper age level*

*Good English except where character portrayal requires otherwise*

*Good influence on emotional and intellectual development*

Some 200,000 California radio and television listeners gave "excellent" rating to four programs: NBC's *Chicago Zoo Parade*; *Mr. I. Magination*; *Tele-Teen Reporter*; and *Carnival for Kids*. *Kukla, Fran and Ollie* and Paul Whiteman's *TV Teen Club* were given a "good" rating.

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<sup>1</sup>A more detailed standard for radio can be secured from the U. S. Office of Education, Washington, D. C.



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